

The Sketch



No. 666.—VOL. LII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

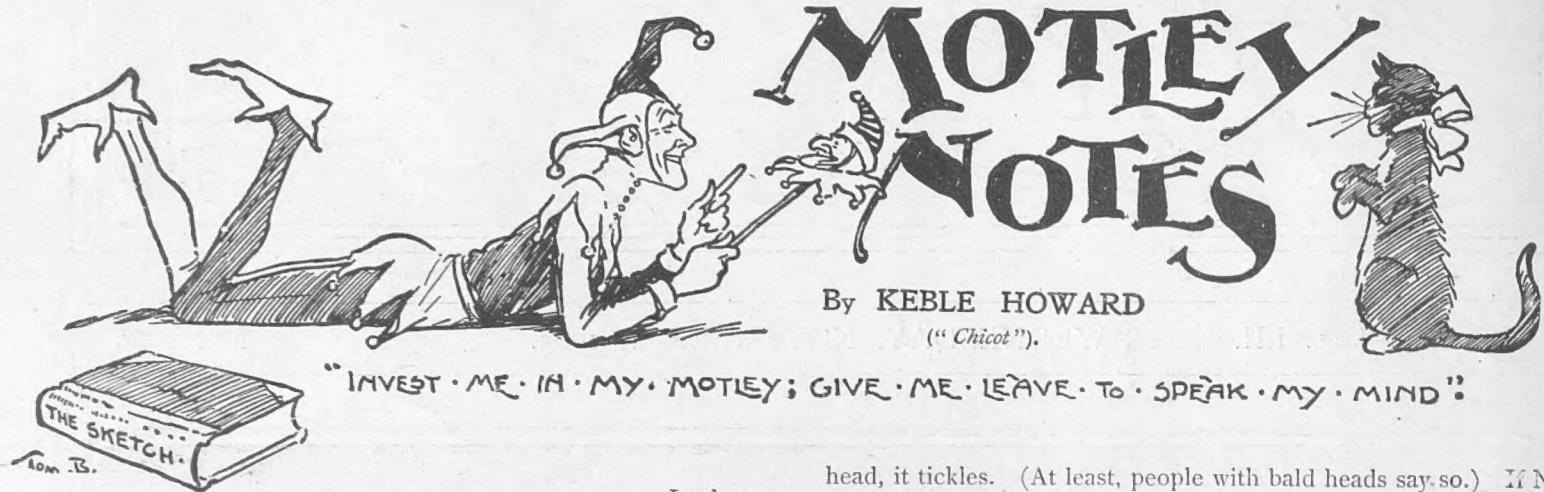
SIXPENCE.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR (MRS. LIONEL MONCKTON) IN HER BOUDOIR AT 69, RUSSELL SQUARE.

General sympathy is expressed for Miss Gertie Millar (Mrs. Lionel Monckton) in view of the shock that must have been given her by the lamentable tragedy which occurred in her boudoir at 69, Russell Square, on the morning of Sunday last.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas.



London.

I SHOULD like to have seen the rapt expressions of the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club whilst the Hon. C. S. Rolls was telling them, in that lecture the other day, of his many hair-breadth escapes whilst motoring. "Three times," he said—and I can imagine the nonchalant air with which he spoke—"I have had a boiler burnt up on the road. Once I had a horse and cart on top of me. Once I ran into a tree at seventy miles an hour. (Cries of 'Oh!') Once I had my head bashed in by the starting-handle. (Cries of 'Poor darling!') Once I upset an apple-cart in the Strand." (Screams of laughter.) And so on. Now, we all know that Mr. Rolls is one of the most dashing motorists on the road, or off it, but I cannot allow him to mop up gallons of feminine sympathy without myself putting in for a modest pint. I think I explained the other day that I didn't drive a motor because I couldn't afford it, but I ride a bicycle, and, in a small way, I have seen a good deal of trouble with it. Of course, one cannot travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour on a bicycle, but there are many other methods of getting as nearly as possible killed. Here, then, is my little list. Very respectfully, I commend it to the attention of the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club—

Seventeen times thrown clean over the handle-bars.

Seventeen times hit the hard road with a frightful smack.

Eleven times had the machine collapse under me whilst racing downhill.

Eleven times had to pick up the pieces and carry them home.

Four times arrested by a bobby with nasty glint in his eye for riding without a light.

Nine times arrested by bobby with a sinister sneer for riding on the foot-path.

Once bumped into a cow, shot over its back, and landed on the supper-table of a farmhouse.

Once chased five miles by an ill-bred dog.

Once ran over toe of tramp asleep by roadside and lost my way in subsequent cloud of expletives.

Once thrown out of a lonely inn on a drenching night for asking the landlord what sort of a stick he used to muddy the beer with.

Once rode over the edge of a cliff in North Cornwall, and had a tremendous job to get back again without touching the rocks.

Once caught in the small of the back by a dragging balloon-anchor, and travelled through the busiest part of Birmingham at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Those are all the adventures I can remember just now, but, of course, I've had very many more. I love the sport.

I think somebody might let me lecture about something. Everybody else seems to do it. Mr. Henry Hill, for instance, has been talking at the London Institution about flies. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Hill's acquaintance, but I must congratulate him on his daring. He said, among other things, that it was quite easy to catch a fly on the breakfast-table, even when its head was towards you. In fact, if your hand was steady enough, you could pull its nose. The morning after the lecture, I suppose, several hundreds of otherwise well-behaved people upset the coffee-pot and spilt the sugar over the haddock in the endeavour to pull a fly's nose. Not quite kind, I think. Mr. Hill also explained that a man with a bald head had no business to object when a fly settled on it. Nature had provided bald heads for the benefit of flies, and the flies knew it, and meant to fight for their rights. There may be something in this theory, but I doubt it. And for this reason. When a fly walks about on a bald

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

head, it tickles. (At least, people with bald heads say so.) If Nature has really provided the bald head for the benefit of the fly, she should have taken care (1) that the fly's feet could not be felt by the owner of the head, or (2) that the fly's instinct told it to proceed with caution. As a matter of fact, if you watch a fly waltzing across a bald head, you will see that it takes not the least trouble to avoid tickling the owner. After all, flies are callous wretches. Pull their noses, dear friends.

I am quite sure that I should hate to be a woman. It must be terrible to be compelled to look beautiful, whether you like it or not. I read in a daily paper that hands must be plump and dimpled this season, and "allied to wrists and arms of sculptured smoothness." I wonder what in the world I should do if it suddenly became necessary for me to have plump and dimpled hands! Probably run amuck, and kill a Duchess or two. But patient, long-suffering women, I am told, are now bathing their hands and arms, night and morning, with warm oil; whilst others, whose arms are not sufficiently plump and rounded to get them into the really nice parties, are spending three or four hours a day in making bread. There is quite a touch of irony about that, reminding one of the swagger individual who had to wash in the humble River Jordan before he could be cured of his leprosy. I am glad to learn, by the way, that "the cult of the dimpled hand invariably synchronises with an impetus in favour of fancy-work,"—because knitting shows off the hands, and, owing to the position in which they are held, tends to whiten them. At last, perhaps, I shall get some winter socks. Let me make haste to add, however, that I absolutely refuse to wear a "comforter."

As sure as October comes round, the *Isis*, that celebrated little journal run by and for the undergraduates of the University of Oxford, begins to say cheeky things about those in authority. January finds it far milder in tone, and, towards the middle of June, its pages are soft as milk and sweet as honey. October, of course, begins the university year, and the middle of June ends it. October brings in the new Editor—alert, proud, vigorous. June sends him out into the waste places of the real, roaring world, where even Proctors may be remembered with a smile of tolerance. However, it is an October number that I have just been reading, and I was not surprised, therefore, to come across the following passage: "That the Don is ornamental, no one can possibly urge. It is a hard fact to explain. The Don leads a comfortable life. He has plenty to eat, plenty of female society, no manual labour, no hard work. He is, in fact, just the sort of man whom one might expect to take a pleasure and a pride in his personal appearance. It is hard to believe that he does."

I like that picture of the ideal life as it appeals to the undergraduate. "Plenty to eat"—because undergraduates are always hungry. "Plenty of female society"—because the undergraduate has to be content with a long, long glance across a lecture-room, or a silly, censored conversation with the Principal's daughter. "No manual labour"—because this is the time of year when lean youths, hungry for photographic fame, endure tedious hours and endless insults on the lower river. "No hard work"—because the Final Schools are drawing hideously near, and one's tutor is hinting at the nuisance of coming back for examinations after all one's terms have been "kept." At the same time, I don't think it is quite fair to take as the standard of dress among Dons the trousers of the "British Workman." I can remember some very natty little Dons, with neat little "squares" and neat little ties, and neat little collars that turned down at the corners, and neat little moustaches, and neat little suits, and neat little boots that pit-pattered—oh! ever so quickly—along the Turl or down the High. Besides, a Master's gown covers a multitude of—well, inexactnesses.

“ PUBLIC OPINION,” AT WYNDHAM’S.



1. MR. FREDERICK KERR AS SPENCER TRAUGHTON, C.B.

2. MISS COMPTON AS LADY DIANA CALDERSHAW.

3. MR. CHARLES ALLAN AS SIR BABINGTON MULLEY, F.R.C.P.

4. MR. GEORGE GIDDENS AS HORACE WIBSEY.

5. MR. HENRY KEMBLE AS THE HON. MR. JUSTICE MULLEY.

Most of the characters in “Public Opinion” find Pansy Bligh, the actress, their bane, and each of the chief men amongst them has found in turn that he is the only man who has really understood her, and that she is the support of a widowed mother, bearing many names and living in many districts. Spencer Traughton and Lady Diana Caldershaw turn out to be the good fairies of those Pansy has attempted to blackmail with the weapon furnished by indiscreet letters and minor poetry, and between them “My Evening Star” ends very much eclipsed by clouds.

Photographs by the “Play Pictorial” Publishing Co.

THE CLUBMAN.

Frenchmen on the Possibilities of War between Great Britain and Germany—French Pessimism—Examinations for Our Officers—The Danjuro and Sir Henry Irving.

THE difference the Channel makes in views is wonderful. In this country we are jogging along in our usual manner, not thinking of making war on anyone, rather surprised at the ill-natured things the German papers are saying about us, but ascribing them more to lack of manners than to any deep-rooted enmity. In France, where I spent last week, I found that every Frenchman is quite sure that a war is going to break out between England and Germany, and that it is only a question whether hostilities begin now or next year.

I tried to find out on what grounds this fixed idea is based, but got no deeper than statements that England and Germany are rivals, that Germany crushes her rivals, that England is stolid and will not throw Lord Lansdowne into the sea as France threw that poor Delcassé—*et voilà*. None of my French friends had considered how the war would be fought, and none of them had thought of the common interests, stronger than a mere mutual dislike, which will keep England and Germany from doing more than call each other ugly names.

My Frenchmen I found, one and all, in a pessimistic state concerning their own country. They seem to have accepted at once as true the statements that the forts on their eastern frontier are not strong enough to resist the new German heavy guns, that their covering troops are not properly organised, that all their field artillery are not re-armed with the new quick-firing gun. They shrug their shoulders, and, if they are of M. Rouvier's party, they lay the blame on their enemies in France who will not be quiet and allow capable men to turn their attention to the Army; and, if they are opposed to M. Rouvier, they still shrug their shoulders and ask what can be expected with such *crétins* in power. Colonel Picquart is assuring his fellow-countrymen that things are not as bad as they believe, but he gets little more credence than any English military writer would if he assured us that our Army is in a good state.

It is wonderful with what gusto we smack our lips over any proof that our Army is not all that it should be, and the latest peg on which to hang diatribes is Major-General Hutchinson's newly published report on the examinations for promotion. Roughly speaking, three-fourteenths of the officers failed to pass the test for promotion which is imposed on lieutenants and captains, and only one of the 677 got eighty per cent. of the possible marks. Of course, this is not as it should be, and General Hutchinson, who is a man of the time and a good comrade, as well as being a most capable soldier, is the last man to lay a heavier burden of examination on our officers than the Council considers an absolute necessity; but there is another side to the question. The British officer, and the best British officer, too, hates examinations, and is at his worst when under the schoolmaster's harrow. He does not get enough practical training in

the field, and to make up for this he is continually being asked questions on paper, and his answers on paper make him out to be more ignorant than he really is. The number of British officers who have loopholed a wall or put a house in a state of defence is infinitesimal. If they had once done so they would never forget all that is really required, and it would not be necessary to ask them puzzling questions as to detail. Only once during my twenty-one years' service did I loophole a wall, and that was at Rorke's Drift, after it had been relieved, and when another Zulu attack was considered probable. I did not find that the stones adapted themselves to regulation measurements, or that my men were all of equal height, but I learned more in twenty minutes than about putting a wall in a state of real defence than all the books had taught me in six years.

I wonder whether, amongst the many pictures and photographs with which the flat of the late Sir Henry Irving is said to be crowded, there are two of the Danjuro, the great Japanese actor of his day. I brought two signed photographs of the great "star" home from Japan in the early 'eighties as an offering from the leading actor in Japan to the leading actor in Great Britain. Mr. Irving, as he then was, acknowledged very charmingly the receipt of the photographs, told me that he would send the Danjuro photographs of himself in return, and that he would give me one for my fee as messenger. I have no doubt the portraits were sent to the Danjuro, but the photograph, which I should have prized greatly, never reached the messenger.

My meeting with the Danjuro and the message he entrusted me with were the result of chance. One evening, I was in a native hotel at Osaka, rather bored because the big theatre was not open, and the hotel-manager, who spoke a little no other place of amusement. An English friend who was travelling with me was equally bored, and, in despair, we began to play billiards on an execrable table made after a British model. There was a merry party being held in the room over our heads, and presently some of the members of the party, Japanese all, came down, looked into the billiard-room, and were evidently disappointed to find the table in our possession.

I asked the proprietor who the cheerful people above were, and he said that they were the great Danjuro and some of his Company, who were going to commence a season next day at the theatre. A message to say that the table was quite at his service brought the Danjuro and some two or three other gentlemen, one being the "leading lady" of the troupe, downstairs, and, with the help of the proprietor as interpreter, we fraternised. The Danjuro was very curious as to Henry Irving and the plays he appeared in, mentioned that he had himself been called "the Henry Irving of Japan," said that he would like to send a message and photographs to the great English actor, and asked me if I would carry them. I was made free of the theatre during my stay in Osaka, and when the two photographs arrived to be given to Henry Irving there were others for us, the two English



THE END OF A "NON-STOP RUN" BY MOTOR-BOAT FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO THE THAMES: MR. E. H. HALLIDAY ANNOUNCING THAT HE HAD RUN OUT OF PETROL.

Mr. Halliday left Southampton on board the little motor-boat "Iris" with the intention of making a non-stop run to London Bridge. He allowed himself twenty-four hours and sixty gallons of petrol, but his calculations proved at fault; his petrol ran out when he was near Gravesend, and he therefore came to a stop. During the run he used hot turtle-soup to thaw the engine lubricator of his vessel.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



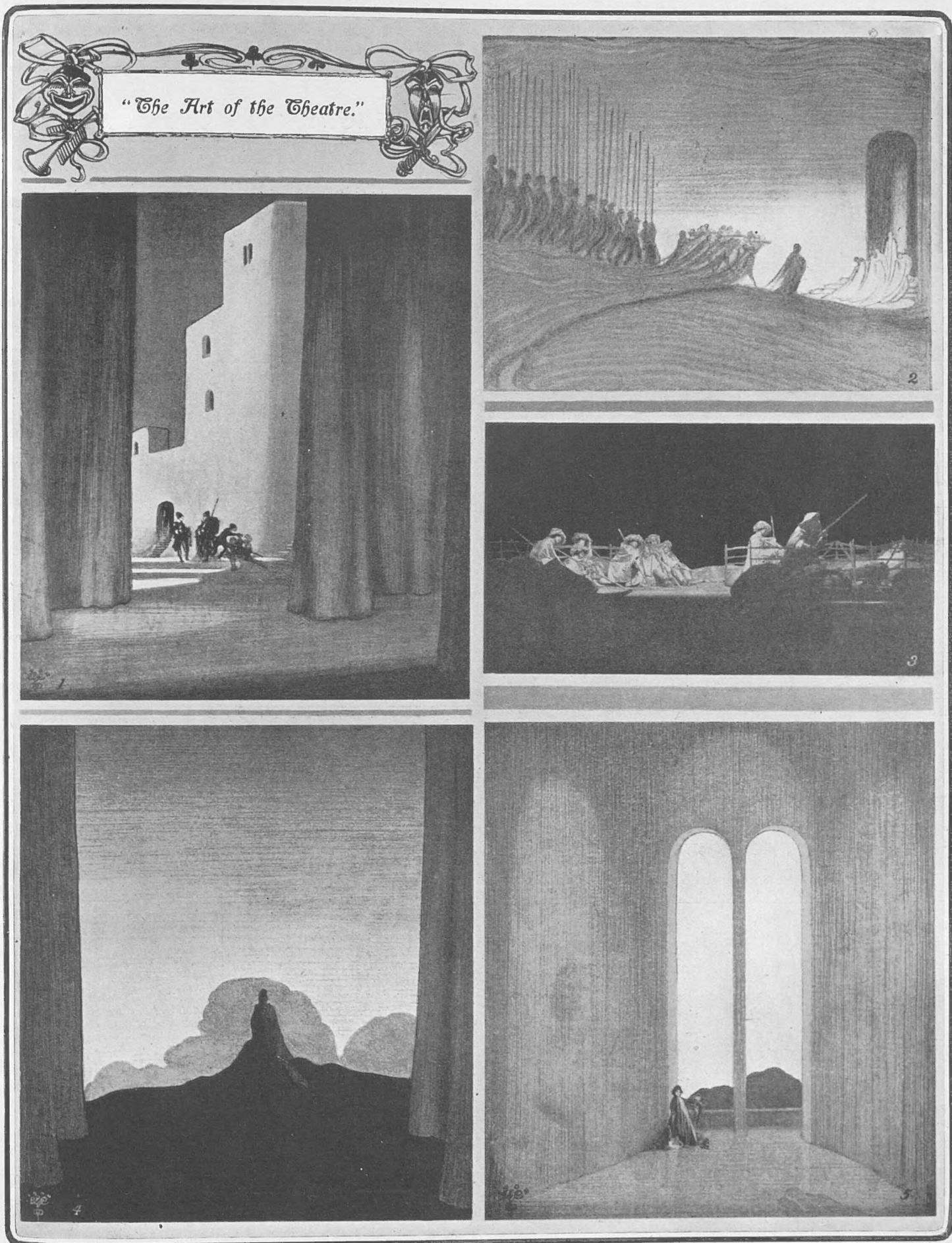
"LOVE OF OFFICE IS NOT IN ITSELF AN IMPROPER OR AN IMMORAL DESIRE": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL SPEAKING IN THE HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATOIRE.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in the course of the speech he delivered at the Free Trade meeting during the recent election at Hampstead, accused the present Administration of governing the country in defiance of its people. He did not say that the love of office was in itself an improper or an immoral desire, but to persist in saving the nation against its will was a course which, if not actually criminal, produced criminal injury.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

travellers. My two look down at me from the wall. In one the Danjuro is in ordinary Japanese dress. In the other he is a demon, or the god of thunder, in a marvellous "make-up" and surrounded by carved flames.

ELLEN TERRY'S SON AS REFORMER OF STAGE ART.



1. A DESIGN FOR A SCENE FOR A PLAY BY SHAKSPERE.

2. A STUDY FOR A STAGE MOVEMENT.

3. THE FIRST SCENE IN "BETHLEHEM," PRODUCED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG—A STAGE ILLUMINATED BY MEANS OTHER THAN FOOTLIGHTS.

4. A DESIGN FOR A SCENE FOR A PLAY BY SHAKSPERE.

5. A DESIGN FOR A SCENE FOR A PLAY BY SHAKSPERE.

Those who recognised the consummate artistry apparent in the setting of "Acis and Galatea" and "The Masque of Love," as given at the Great Queen Street Theatre, of Ibsen's "Vikings," of "For Sword or Song," and of certain other plays, have long known Mr. Edward Gordon Craig as one of the most imaginative of producers—if so barbarous a word may be permitted in relation to an art as subtle, as wide, as delicate as his—the one, perhaps, who most nearly realises his own ideal of the stage director. To these, and, it is to be hoped, to many others, "The Art of the Theatre" (published by T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London) will be exceedingly welcome as a lucid exposition of Mr. Craig's methods and aspirations. Whether it will bring that Renaissance of the theatre so ardently desired by its author none can tell; whether, indeed, the time is ripe for such a Renaissance none can say; but, at least, it appeals for the most serious consideration of those who regard the stage as something more than a tinselled playground for tinselled puppets.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



Prince of Wales. King George has retained the youthful appearance for which the Danish Royal Family are famed. He is an active, keenly intelligent man, devoted to his adopted people, who, on their part, are as loyal to him and to his charitable Queen as they were disloyal to his predecessor. His Majesty is to be accompanied by his son, Prince Nicholas, and by his English daughter-in-law, who was, it will be remembered, Princess Alice of Battenberg, a daughter of Prince Louis of that ilk. Her Royal Highness will enjoy showing her baby to the many friends of her girlhood, and it is thought probable that Prince and Princess Nicholas will outstay the King by some weeks.

Possible Future Owners of the "Morning Post." Lord Apsley and his sister, Lady Meriel Bathurst, will probably in time become the owners of the *Morning Post*, the paper which may well rank as one of the most respected of British institutions, for Lady Bathurst is the only surviving child of its proprietor, Lord Glenesk, whose London house once belonged to the great

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

London will offer a specially hearty welcome to King George of Greece, our Queen's beloved brother, whose forthcoming visit is, we are told, to be of an official character. The ruler of the wonderful country which has been well described as being that of every scholar and poet paid his first visit to England forty-two years ago, when he was present at the marriage of his comely sister to the then

Lord Byron. Lord Bathurst's own home is Cirencester House, and it is there that his children have spent most of their young life; the estate is famed for its wonderful trees, and the park contains ten magnificent avenues radiating from a common centre. Lord and Lady Bathurst have four children—three sons and a daughter; but Lord Apsley and Lady Meriel are some years older than their two little brothers, who belong to the new century, the youngest of them being but a year old.

"G. B. S." and his *Traducers*.

Apparently Mr. George Bernard Shaw never fails to confound his critics, both in and out of the theatre. The remarks he was wrongly declared to have made concerning Sir Henry Irving and the latter's knighthood were, as an actual fact, full of praise! But the author of "Major Barbara" is used to misrepresentation, and in his amusing letter to the *Times* he looks forward with a certain anxiety to the time when he will see himself the

idol of the British people, and when, like the great actor who was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey the other day, he will be described as being quite other than his philosophical brilliant self!

THE "IRVING KNIGHTHOOD" CONTROVERSY: MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

"The Gent in the Jaeger Suit." "G. B. S." has undoubtedly owed something of his success in life to his curious and original personality. He is, as regards clothes and diet, a distinct faddist, and it should be added that he was an all-woolite and a vegetarian long before health fads became the fashionable craze they are now. His first novel, just republished after a lapse of about twenty years, shows that his views on life have not altered much. He is a pillar of the Fabian Society, and is the author of some of the cleverest pamphlets or tracts issued by that now influential group of thinkers and workers. Mr. Shaw is married to a charming Irishwoman, at whose instigation, it is said, he wrote "Man and Superman."

A Royal Ruler for India. One notes with interest the growth of an Indian demand for a Royal Viceroy of India. The leading newspapers of our great Asiatic dependency are voicing the wish expressed by people whose aspirations may not be overlooked, that a Prince of the British Royal House shall rule India, with the advice of a Ministry, the Governor-General being Prime Minister. This idea is nearly thirty years old, and is one that will not be adopted without most careful consideration. At the same time, its many obvious advantages will doubtless commend themselves to Imperialists.

The Mikado's Honour.

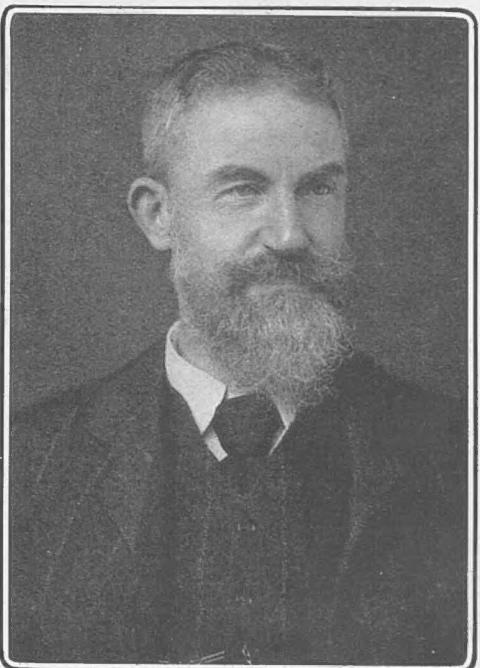
The Order of the Garter confers very high honour upon most of its recipients, but it happens not infrequently that the recipients themselves confer equal honour upon the Order. This will be admitted to be the case when the Mikado is invested by the special mission that is to be sent to Tokio. It is interesting to remember that this "Most Noble" Order was first conferred upon a foreign Sovereign more than five hundred years ago, when it was sent to the King of Spain. The elevation of the Japanese Legation to the rank of Embassy is an additional proof of the good feeling that obtains between Tokio and London. Doubtless King Edward's decision will lead to promotion for Baron Hayashi.



POSSIBLE FUTURE OWNERS OF THE "MORNING POST": LORD APSLEY AND LADY MERIEL BATHURST.

The fact that Lady Bathurst is the only surviving child of Lord Glenesk makes it very likely that Lord Apsley and his sister will in time become owners of the "Morning Post."

Photograph by Thomson.



The Kingsway Honour.

The cry that the undoubted energy of the London County Council is but ill-recognised in the Honours Lists can no longer rise. Quite why it should have been heard at all is not apparent to those who remember that Sir Edwin A. Cornwall is the fourth Radical Chairman of the L.C.C. who has been knighted during his term of office, his predecessors being the late Sir John Hutton, Sir W. Collins, and Sir J. McDougall. The new knight, representing as he does those Captains of Industry who have started life at the lowest rung of the commercial ladder, is decidedly interesting, not only by reason of his public career, but by the height he has attained during his comparatively brief span of life. Born but one-and-forty years ago, he first entered the arena of municipal politics at Fulham, almost immediately after he had left his first berth at a Hammersmith coal-merchant's to



THE KINGSWAY HONOUR: SIR EDWIN A. CORNWALL, CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.

The Royal Opening of Kingsway and Aldwych has brought the well-deserved honour of knighthood to the Chairman of the London County Council. Sir Edwin, who is forty-one, has long been interested in Municipal affairs. He is entirely self-made, and has risen from a humble position in a Hammersmith coal-merchant's.

Photograph by R. Haines.

himself, soon secured a seat on the Fulham Vestry, and almost as soon earned recognition as a head of the Progressive section of his colleagues. After a time the "Cornwallites" were in the majority, and the man who had given them their name became in turn Overseer and Chairman. His work in these positions made him first Mayor of Fulham, and he has now defied superstition by gaining his greatest honour in the thirteenth year of his membership of the L.C.C., a year remarkable not only for the opening of Kingsway and Aldwych, but for the inauguration of the Council's steamboat service on the Thames, which, by the way, looks uncommonly like costing the rate-payers dear. As Chief Whip of the Progressive party, he occupied a position of considerable delicacy, and held it, as he has held all others, to the general satisfaction. At the next Election he is to stand for North-East Bethnal Green, in the Liberal interest. Sir M. Bhownagree will have to look to his laurels with so doughty an opponent.

An Anglo-American Group. The four children of General and Mrs. Arthur Paget are, through their mother, of American extraction, and the only girl, Miss Leila Paget, has all the charm and bright wit generally associated with Transatlantic womanhood. Mr. Albert Edward Paget is, as his name implies, a godson of the King. He is still some way on the sunny side of thirty, but did brilliantly well in the South African War, where both he and his father went out early in the conflict. Mrs. Paget's twins, as they are often called, are some years younger than their elder brother and their sister. They are good-looking lads, and used to be the beaux of Mayfair children's parties.

The New American Girl. The idea that woman will eventually rule

the world in other than "the hand that rocks the cradle" sense will of a surety be revived by an announcement from America. Brother Jonathan, it appears, is beginning to realise that his sister is rapidly rivalling if not outgrowing him in breadth and stature, that her

inches are swelling visibly, that where she was content with "sevens" in boots she now thinks nothing of "eights," presumably feeling that it is time she put her foot down in weightier fashion than she has done hitherto, and that her gloves are growing in proportion. "Manufacturers have tried to play up to the *amour propre* of their clients by altering the numbers, so that what is now called 'six and a half' was once 'seven' or 'seven and a half,'" writes the recorder, naively exposing an old trade trick; but it is evident that *amour propre* is likely to take another form, and that "large sizes" will no longer be frowned upon in the near future. "Pity 'tis 'tis true," echoes the man who is jealous of his lord-and-mastership, and he feels it the more acutely in that it so swiftly follows and eclipses his chastened joy at the decease of the Gibson Girl.

The Book-worm and the "Times." It is really too bad of the *Evening Standard* to announce that the *Times* resists bookworms just as

Printing House Square is booming its boon for the bookish. True, the bookworm in question is the irritating article that, more ingenious than the human, contrives to inwardly digest without reading, marking, or learning, but all may not realise this at first blush. Were it not for the fact that the *Standard* publishes a Chinese librarian's belief that its great contemporary "no wanchee poison; that paper belong too good. Worm no can chow," some might argue that it was influenced by the green-eyed monster, in view of the rival and excellent scheme recently announced by its morning-brother.

A BEETLE NEARLY AS LARGE AS A LARK: THE GOLIATH, A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE "ZOO."

The rare Goliath Beetle here illustrated is a recent addition to the Insect House of the Zoological Gardens. It is some three inches long from horn to end of body, and some two inches broad, and, with wings spread, it is little smaller than a lark. In colour, it is chocolate marked with white.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



Mr. Arthur Paget. Mr. Albert Edward Paget. Mr. Reginald Paget.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN GROUP: MRS. ARTHUR PAGET'S CHILDREN.

Photograph by Langfier.

A Chance for Rudyard Kipling. Cyrus Koljago, doctor attached to the Second Turkistan Rifle

Battalion, is not likely to be canonised by the "Tommies" of any save the Salvation Army. Much more probable is it that his name will figure at the head of a special black-list, for has he not experimented on ten men of his regiment, docked their ordinary drink for ten days in favour of malt coffee, and proved the value of his treatment by the increased weight of his "patients"? Not even the temptation of adding to the breadth of his manly chest will persuade the average private that the treatment can be good for him; even the "Brodder" will prefer to stick to canteen—and cotton-wool. Will not Rudyard Kipling oblige by Barrack-room Ballading on the subject? Never had he better chance of exploiting his vocabulary.

Miss Roosevelt's Progress. Alas for romance! Miss Roosevelt has

marked her return to Washington by demolishing many of the pretty stories that had been invented to do her honour. The Sultan of Sulu did not offer her marriage. She did not dive into a tank on

the ship because one of the passengers dared her to do so. She declined to discuss her reported engagement to Mr. Nicholas Longman; but, as one of the sapient members of the Fourth Estate remarked in commenting upon this, she called the Congress-man "Nick."





TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BOMBAY: LADY LAMINGTON.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

and Princess during the beginning of their tour. Bombay is in some ways the most interesting of the greater towns of India; it is full of relics and mementos of John Company days, and Lord and Lady Lamington will have plenty of interesting places to show their Royal visitors; while Government House is admirably adapted for the entertaining of important guests. The Princess of Wales's Anglo-Indian Lady-in-Waiting is very musical; she is a fine violinist, and a great patroness of musical talent, both European and native.

The New Lady of Stoneleigh

Leigh. The mistress of Stoneleigh Abbey may well claim to share with Lady Warwick the position of leading hostess in Shakspere's county. The lady who now succeeds to this great position is one of the most attractive of Anglo-Americans, for she was before her marriage to the then aged Peer's son and heir Miss Hélène Forbes Beckwith, of New York, and the wedding, which took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, was a really splendid function, the reception being given in the Rubens Rooms of Spencer House. Since their marriage, which took place fifteen years ago, Lord and Lady Leigh, when not in town, have lived in a charming place, some three miles from Stoneleigh Abbey, which,

A Popular Anglo-Indian Hostess.

Lady Lamington, who will receive the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bombay, is already a friend of her future Queen, and attached to the Royal Household as Lady-in-Waiting. Lady Lamington was Miss May Hozier, the youngest daughter of a well-known Scottish Baronet. By her tact and charm of manner she won golden opinions in the Colony of Queensland when her husband was Governor there; but since Lord Lamington became Governor of Bombay his wife has unfortunately been ill, and she was compelled to come home for advice. She recovered sufficiently to go out again to India, in order to receive the Prince

in the neighbourhood of St. Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff, and at Hewell Grange. The future owner of one of the most interesting titles in the Peerage—for it is derived from the Royal Borough, where Lord Windsor's direct ancestor was castellan under the Empress Maud—is a keen sportsman, though he has also artistic and literary tastes, these last being inherited from his mother, who was a daughter of the late Sir Augustus Paget, one of the most distinguished of Victorian diplomatists. Hewell is a curious and interesting place, exquisitely furnished and charmingly arranged by its present mistress. Lord Windsor has entertained Royal sporting-parties there more than once. The Hon. Other Robert Windsor-Clive—to give him his full name—is credited with a wish to follow in his maternal grandfather's footsteps, for he is already an honorary Attaché in the diplomatic service.



A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN PRINCESS:
PRINCESS TEANO.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.



ANOTHER AMERICAN PEERESS: LADY LEIGH.

The death of Lord Leigh has given the Barony to his son, and has thus raised another American lady to a place in Burke. The new Lady Leigh was Frances Hélène Forbes, daughter of the late Hon. N. M. Beckwith, of New York. She is the possessor of some remarkable pearls, is devoted to gardening, and is most popular with her husband's tenants.

though not large, was once described as the pleasantest hunting-box in the kingdom. There Lady Leigh was able to enjoy her passion for flowers, and especially for roses. The gardens of Stoneleigh Abbey are also famed, and the house is full of art treasures. The new Peeress is noted for her exquisite taste in dress, and also for her amazingly fine jewels. She was one of the first women in Society to inaugurate the becoming fashion of an all-round jewelled crown.

A Notable Coming-of-Age.

The coming of age of Lord Windsor's eldest son has been, and is being, celebrated in good old-fashioned style, both

magnate, but is also a noted Freemason of those members of the craft who reside in Romford, offers excellent sport to Colonel Lockwood's guests, Royal and otherwise, and he goes in for preserving on a great scale. Mrs. Lockwood, who is an aunt of Sir John Milbanke, V.C., takes rank among the leading Conservative hostesses.

The New Member for Hampstead.

Mr. John Samuel Fletcher, the new Member for Hampstead, who, by the way, is not the J. S. Fletcher known as "a Son of the Soil" and as the author of numerous novels and stories for boys, is the son of a Manchester merchant, and is one of the large band of lawyers who do not practise. He was a resident in West Hampstead for over thirty years, and during that time served his district in many ways.



THE ELDEST SON OF LORD AND LADY WINDSOR: THE HON. OTHER ROBERT WINDSOR-CLIVE.
Photograph by Beresford.



THE LATEST HOST OF THE KING:
COLONEL MARK LOCKWOOD, M.P.
Photograph by Thomson.

Three New Engagements.

The new engagement of the greatest social interest is that of Viscount Cranley to Miss Violet Bampfylde, a grand-daughter of Lord Poltimore. Lord Cranley is the eldest son and heir of Lord Onslow, and is said to have as keen an interest in politics as his distinguished sire. Miss Bampfylde, who is an only daughter, is descended from Sheridan, and is very pretty. Of moment to the Anglo-Indian world is the betrothal of Major Adam, Lord Minto's secretary, to Lord Ashburton's only sister, Miss Lilian Baring. Lady Tullibardine's sister, Miss Ferelith Ramsay, is engaged to the Governor of the Sennaar Provinces (Soudan), Colonel Gorringe.

A Much-Photographed Wedding.

There was a fashionable wedding in Paris the other day in which the contracting parties were the Minister of the Colonies and an American lady. It was not the French Chamberlain, however, who wore the orchid, but the bride. The wedding was modern and unique in other respects, too. The *mariée* and many of her guests arrived in electric automobiles. At the moment when "oui" was trembling upon bridal lips there was the click of photographic shutters. Again, when the newly wedded pair mounted a motor made for two it was to the accompanying whirr of the cinematograph. Let us hope that the bridegroom's blue plush waistcoat reproduced well; otherwise a fine effect was lost.

An Embarrassing Flashlight.

But, seriously, this photographic and cinematographic business may be overdone. For instance, the other day a theatrical manager at one of the most sprightly houses in Paris took it into his head to have a flashlight view of the auditorium. When the smoke of battle had cleared away there was the look of consternation on many faces. Men

whose *légitime* had been left behind were engaged in an interesting *télé-à-tête* with a fair charmer unadmitted to the family circle, and others, who were supposed to be somewhere else—away in the country on business, *n'est-ce pas?*—were revealed by that tell-tale plate as dancing attendance upon some divinity whose altar had not been blessed by the Church. There is the particularly sad case of the young lieutenant of Cuirassiers whose engagement was broken off because of a photograph. Arrayed in all the panoply of war—well-tinned fore and aft, so to speak—he posed before the camera.

When the proof was sent to his fiancée, not only did his best smile appear, but also the lineaments of a



"CINDERELLA AND HER COACH": A BABY IN A PUMPKIN.

As we noted when we reproduced a photograph of a calf in a pumpkin, the South of California is famous for its mammoth pumpkins, many of which find their way to fairs.

Photograph by Petrie and Co.

Germans lose their lives on the Alps, but the statement that the Swiss head the list on their own mountains comes to us in the nature of a surprise.

M. "Merelli" Pays. "My husband will pay," said the fair Merelli,

from the depths of her prison at St. Lazare, asking for supplies for the winter. Now, as Merelli was the travelling companion of the famous Gallay, Paris held its breath in sheer amazement when it heard of this touching confidence in marital complacence. Nor does it seem to have been misplaced. M. Sohet, Merelli's neglected spouse, was not at all surprised when the demand came to him. He rather liked the idea, it seems. Well, there are some people to whom advertisement is everything—even the advertisement of their wives.

Love-Letters. Love-letters are notoriously dangerous things, and should, in the interests of the world's peace, be written in ink that will fade within twenty-four hours of the writing. If this rule could be adopted, we should see less of the products of hot blood and mediocre intelligence exposed to the laughter of the mob in the popular Press when the last ashes of love's fire are cold. It is stated that, at a marriage celebrated in the country last week, the happy bride knelt on a cushion made out of her fiancé's love-letters. All is well that ends well; but, had there been any rift within the lute, what hope could the unhappy writer of letters have known when the time came to assess the market value of these effusions? Without being cynical, one would suggest, in the interest of all but lawyers, that the ardent lover should inscribe in letters of gold above his desk that useful tag, "Litera scripta manet."



THE FORTHCOMING HORNER VERSUS LABOUCHERE LIBEL CASE: MR. F. W. HORNER, M.P., THE PLAINTIFF.

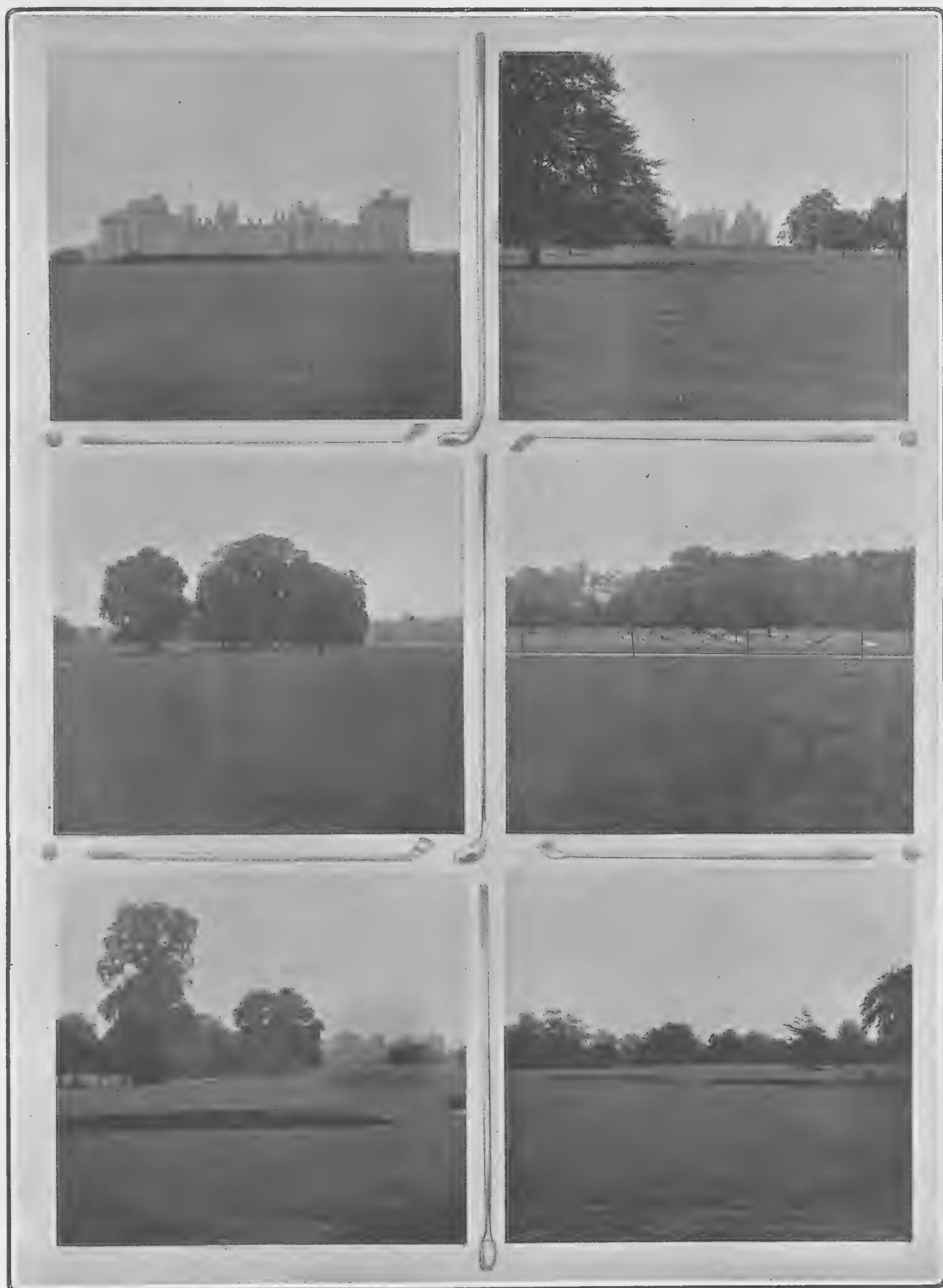
Mr. Horner is the Proprietor and Editor of the "Whitehall Review," and has been Conservative M.P. for North Lambeth since 1900. He writes under the name of Martyn Field. He is an excellent linguist, and wrote in French a three-Act play which had a four-month run at the

Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.

Photograph by Thomson.

Foolhardy Alpine-Climbers. During the past season a great number of lives have been lost on the Alps, among them those of many English people. But, according to the statistics of the Alpine accidents during the year 1905, just published by Signor Bazella, the number of English who have lost their lives by foolhardiness on the Alps is surpassed by several other nations. The total number of accidents in the past year was 165, of which no fewer than sixty-five were fatal, and of these the greater number of accidents happened to Swiss and German climbers. We know that many

THE KING AND THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.



1. THE FIRST GREEN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CASTLE. 2. THE APPROACH TO THE SECOND GREEN. 3. THE VIEW FROM THE FIRST TEE.
 4. THE VIEW FROM THE SEVENTH TEE, SHOWING FROGMORE AMONG THE TREES. 5. THE SIXTH GREEN.
 6. THE MOST SPORTING HOLE: THE APPROACH TO THE FOURTH GREEN, SHOWING THE TWO BUNKERS ARRANGED UNDER THE SPECIAL
 DIRECTION OF THE KING.

HIS MAJESTY'S OWN GOLF LINKS AT WINDSOR.

The King's golf course was laid out by Mr. Mure Fergusson, is close to the East Terrace of Windsor Castle, has nine holes, and is nearly a mile and a half round. The land was used for pasture during Queen Victoria's lifetime, and even until the beginning of this year a good deal of rough grass was allowed to grow on it. This His Majesty has now had removed, and several new bunkers have made the course particularly sporting. The King frequently plays on his links, and from time to time, also, the Queen, Princess Victoria, and many of His Majesty's guests may be seen there.

Photographs by Ulliyett.

AFTER DINNER.

By E. A. B.

A Very Pleasant Island.

The Prince of Wales will write, or have written for him, a diary of the most interesting events which attract his attention during the tour he has begun. It is safe to assume, however, that nothing funnier will find its way into his pages than an entry which occurs in his log-book kept on the good ship *Bacchante*. It was

nigh upon a quarter of a century ago, but he was old enough to know, when they sighted Pleasant Island, that before them lay the scene of Enoch Arden's long stay. There,

Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea,

it lay, full of romantic suggestion, despite the fact that it is named Pleasant Island because its climate is so much the opposite of what the title suggests. Now to this "Eden of all plenteousness" they sent in the flagship of the fleet to which the Prince's cruiser belonged.

Huts and
"One Small groves of
Missionary." luxuriant
palms suggested the sylvan paradise which the lines of the late Laureate conjure up, and a couple of canoes and a whaler went off from the flagship, carrying crews filled with the most pleasurable expectations.

Alas for the hopes of those crews! Tardy Honours and Ready.

watches of the delinquents were probably right; the Sandringham clocks were certainly fast. But since that day "Sandringham time" has been the legend on the programme announcing the hour for functions at His Majesty's Norfolk home. The King has made many improvements at Sandringham of late years, some at considerable cost. A memorable one was effected without money and without price. He laughingly suggested to Mr. Gladstone, upon the latter's visiting him, that a certain vista would be improved were an obstructive tree removed. Next morning, when the other guests came down to breakfast, there in the grounds was the veteran swinging a mighty axe, and before the meal was served that tree obstructed the view no longer.

Shocking
Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain, who, according to his old friend and opponent, Mr. John Morley, "has always had his full share of the virtues of staunch friendship," nowhere finds that friendship more enthusiastically reciprocated than in Birmingham, where he reappears in public on Friday after his holidays. As all the world knows, Mr. Chamberlain has done great things for Birmingham, and, long before Parliament knew him, was the uncrowned King of the Midlands. It must have come rather as a shock to him, therefore, when, later in life, he was introduced by our present King to a member of a foreign Royal Family, to hear that distinguished alien heap contempt in error upon the hardware city. As "the Member for Birmingham" Mr. Chamberlain was introduced. Apparently the Royal visitor mis-heard the name, for he answered, with a look of ineffable disgust, "Birkenhead? Ah, I vos there ven I vos young. It is a dirty 'ole!"

When they
were dis-
cussing the
site for the
Cromwell

statue, someone asked if it would stand among the Sovereigns at Westminster, whereupon Russell Lowell, who was of the company, suggested, "At least, among the half-crowns." There has been no difficulty in fixing the position of the Gladstone memorial which is to be unveiled on Saturday. His admirers have made better progress with their work than did those of Nelson and Wellington. The Nelson column occupied weary years; while the Wellington memorial in St. Paul's was finished only the other day. Byron erected a monument to the memory of a faithful hound, but Westminster Abbey refused to find a place for the poet's remains. Handel left £600 for his own memorial. Charles II. made a bargain more in keeping with his fancy: Parliament gave him £70,000 for a statue of his father. The Merrie Monarch made hay of the money, and it was left to other hands to provide the memorial.



A HERB AS A LIGHTNING - CONDUCTOR : CROWNING BERLIN'S STATUE OF ROLAND WITH "DONNERKRAUT."

Berlin's statue of Roland, which is a copy of that at Brandenburg, stands before the Provincial Museum, Berlin. It has just been crowned with "Donnerkraut," a herb that, according to an old superstition, drives away thunder and lightning.

Photograph by Danneberg.

Their disillusionment was told by semaphore from the flagship to the rest of the fleet that same evening. "A civil war on the island," the message ran. "An escaped convict is King. All hands constantly drunk: no fruit or vegetables to be obtained, nothing but pigs and cocoanuts. The present Island-King wants a missionary. He is evidently hungry." Evidently, too, he, like the gentleman in the poem, "Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content."

Penalties of
Greatness.

If one's bones are to rest undisturbed after death, one must avoid eminence in life. The controversy raging around the skull of poor Sir Thomas Browne, which has been disinterred after all

these years, makes living men's heads ache. Ben Jonson's skull has been in and out of its place in the Abbey like a Jack-in-the-Box; stolen, recovered, hidden, and re-buried with infinite variety of peril. Besides, one never knows what his friends may do with him. Imagine the feelings of Hazlitt, a most qualmish man, when he opened a letter from New York saying, "I feel assured that any part of so great a being as George Cooke will be esteemed a curiosity, and richly valued. The bearer of this will offer a morsel of the liver of this wondrous man." Hazlitt did not do as Dean Buckland did when they showed him at Nuneham the heart of a French King preserved in a casket. "Dear me!" said the Dean; "I have eaten many strange things, but never the heart of a King before." And he forthwith assimilated the relic.

"Sandringham Time."

The Royal house-party at Sandringham this week will have the satisfaction of setting Greenwich at defiance and ordering their movements by the time according to Sandringham. It once

happened that the people engaged to appear in the principal rôles for a dramatic performance there were not on hand when the time, according to Sandringham, said that the curtain must rise. The



A HERB AS A LIGHTNING - CONDUCTOR : BERLIN'S STATUE OF ROLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN CROWNING WITH "DONNERKRAUT."

Roland statues are to be found in a number of places in Germany, and it is believed that there is a connection between them and the old figure, or pillar, which signified that the State in which it stood had the power of life and death.

Photograph by Danneberg.

FORBIDDEN IN GERMANY, BUT PRODUCED IN ENGLAND.
 "LIGHTS OUT," AT THE WALDORF.



Klara Volkhardt (Miss Eva Moore). Lieut. von Lauffen (Mr. H. B. Irving).

KLARA VOLKHARDT IN LIEUTENANT VON LAUFFEN'S QUARTERS AFTER "LIGHTS OUT."

"Lights Out," known in Germany as "Zapfenstreich" and in France as "Retraite," details an incident at Sennheim, a garrison town on the German frontier. Corporal Helbig is in love with Klara, daughter of Sergeant Volkhardt, but finds, on returning from a period of military training, that her love for him has waned. Jealousy sets the Corporal on the right scent, and it is not long before he has traced the change to Lieutenant von Lauffen. Klara visits her lover in his quarters after "Lights Out," and is found there by Helbig, who struggles with his superior officer, with the result that the Lieutenant is compelled to order the Corporal's arrest.—

Corporal Queiss (Mr. C. Weir).



Corporal Helbig (Mr. H. V. Esmond). Lieut. von Lauffen (Mr. H. B. Irving). Sergt. Volkhardt (Mr. C. Fulton). Capt. Lehdenburg (Mr. R. Cunningham). Klara Volkhardt (Miss E. Moore).

Major Paschke (Mr. Henry Vibart).

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON CORPORAL HELBIG FOR STRIKING HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER, LIEUTENANT VON LAUFFEN.

At the Court-Martial, both men keep their own counsel, in order that the woman may be spared, but Klara, wrought upon by the suspense of the trial, asks that she may give evidence, and reveals the truth. Volkhardt, who has suspected nothing, is stupefied by the declaration, and, hot for revenge, goes to von Lauffen's room, and challenges the Lieutenant. Citing regulations, the officer will not fight the non-commissioned officer, honourable man though he be. Thereupon the Sergeant thinks to shoot Klara's lover, but his will fails him; he dare not kill his superior, and, in despair, he sacrifices his daughter.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Menelaus.")

"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE"—"LIGHTS OUT"—
"LA MAIN."

WHAT might almost be called the Shaw Theatre continues to be busy, and "Man and Superman," the masterpiece mutilated by its own creator, has followed "John Bull's Other Island" into the evening bill. Since the cast is almost the same as when it was produced earlier in the year, there seems no need to say more than that the entertaining, dry, light comedy—one is apt to label Court Theatre plays as if they were sherries—is exceedingly amusing and curiously audacious, and, of course, admirably acted. The chauffeur of "G. B. S." and Mr. Gwenn is perhaps the chief comic creation of the year. Mr. Granville Barker struggles very humorously against the life force which, in the person of Miss Lillah McCarthy, is obviously irresistible, and the rest of the Company plays excellently.

"Captain Drew on Leave" is a rather curious mixture. At times one is really enjoying a capital piece of bright, somewhat farcical comedy, and watching the Wyndham of the irresponsible days; then a clever, serious comedy is introduced, and interrupted in its turn by some needless and scarcely effective melodrama, and the whole is handled with remarkable skill. There are four Acts in which little happens; yet the play is never dull, and on thinking it over one is surprised to find how scanty are the materials. Still, Mr. Davies does not show progress, and one is inclined to fear that, like another very clever, popular playwright also blessed with abundance of easy wit, he will be content to confine himself to the mere surface of life. What does one know about the Captain at the end of it all? Next to nothing. I do not even believe that he was a Captain in the Navy or a seafaring man at all. He is a descendant from a long line of stage heroes who woo women for fun, find that they are caught in their own trap, and, being reluctant to burden their lives by flight with another man's wife, pose in an attitude

of virtuous repentance, and there is nothing to distinguish him in character from the rest. There is rather more life in Martha Moxon, if insufficient spirit, but she is somewhat shadowy. The situations are neatly contrived, the serious dialogue is nicely written, save where Mr. Davies employs the conventional phrases of the stage; nevertheless, the important part of the play refuses to live. We are amused, interested by the perilous philandering, but prefer the ingenious, trifling humours of Miss Mills, a capital mixture of coquettish stupidity and cunning.

The principal parts are admirably fitted to the players, and three, at least, Sir Charles, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Mary Moore, are quite at their best. Indeed, I have

bargain. A clever play rarely owes so much to the acting. There is very able work by Mr. Louis Calvert in a kind of sketch which reminds one very faintly of his Broadbent, but has the disadvantage of causing the reconciliation at the end to seem unlikely to lead to much happiness. Mr. Vane Tempest, also, is fitted with one of the parts that he plays perfectly, and Mr. Eille Norwood, as the drunken, melodramatic scoundrel, is exactly as he should be.

How much did poor Helbig get? is a natural question not answered in "Lights Out," and since, owing to Mr. Esmond's very powerful performance, he was one of the most striking figures in the play, curiosity seems reasonable. I wonder why it was not gratified. However, in a sense, he is a minor figure in the strong drama of stern, proud father, frail daughter, and selfish young libertine which could have but one ending. We shall wait with much interest to see whether the force of the play and acting can, so far as our strange public is concerned, triumph over its unhappy-ever-after ending, the lack of thrilling gowns, and the fact that there is but one woman in the cast. I hasten to say that, to me at least, the Klara of Miss Eva Moore makes up very handsomely for the absence of the ordinary host of ladies in the bill of a play. Miss Eva Moore, as the unhappy heroine, has a chance of showing that she may fairly be called a great actress, and few will forget the pathos and power of her confession before the court-martial of her shame, or the quiet beauty of her death. In fact, "Lights Out" gives an excellent exhibition of English acting—no doubt, some will allege that "Zapfenstreich" was better played by the German Company at the Royalty, and it may be assumed that there are touches of local character and colour inevitably missing at the Waldorf; but, after all, the performance is for English playgoers and intended to furnish them with a powerful play, and not a microscopic study of German military manners.

For instance, there is nothing characteristically Teutonic about Mr. H. B. Irving's picture of the young libertine, yet it was a powerful and affecting performance. Nor did Mr. Charles Fulton as the old sergeant suggest a foreigner; nevertheless, the fierce passion of his acting in the final scenes—they are rather too long—impressed the house greatly: indeed, he had the best part and enjoyed the greatest success. Mr. Dawson Milward and Mr. Weir had the honour of causing the house to interrupt the play by cheering at their exit. Herr Beyerlein, author of "Zapfenstreich," the original of which "Lights Out" is an effective version, ought to be content with the presentation of his able work, as well as delighted by its reception at the Waldorf.

"Lights Out" is preceded by a mimodrame called "La Main," not quite new to Londoners, which presents in dumb-show the adventures of a baron, a burglar, and an actress. Mlle. Charlotte Wiehe gave it over here some time ago. The little story of the horror of Vivette at seeing the hand of the burglar coming out between the curtains, and the device by which she got the baron to her aid, seemed to thrill the house, which apparently was delighted by the performance of Miss Camilla Dalberg as the actress, though to me it did not seem remarkable in quality.



"MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE COURT: MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS ANNE AND MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AS JOHN TANNER.

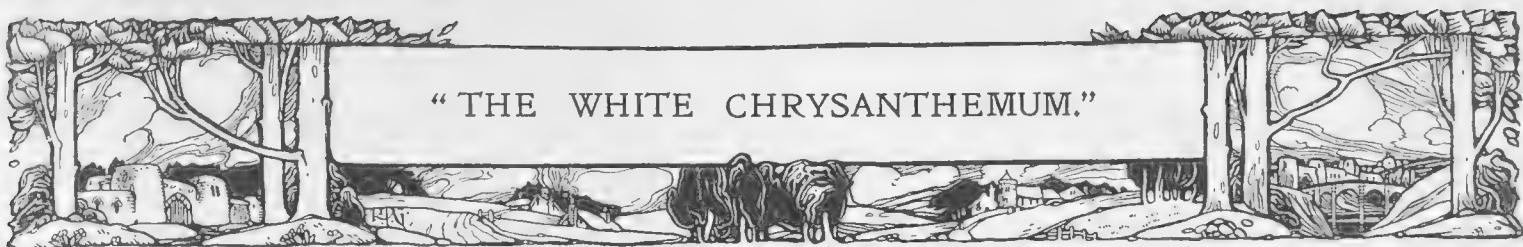
Photograph by Ellis and Wallery.

never seen Miss Moore to such great advantage; the audience rippled with laughter all the time she was on the stage. Few could have given the characters of Martha and the Captain such a grip on the house as Miss Terry and Sir Charles, and one would gladly exhibit their work to those who think that Paris is the only home for fine comedy acting; the popular comedian in the earlier scenes was able to give a little bit of his wonderful farcical rattle into the



"MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE COURT:
MR. EDMUND GWENN AS 'HENRY STRAKER.'

Photograph by Ellis and Wallery.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS SYBIL CUNNINGHAM (KNOWN AS O SAN), AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by the "Play Pictorial" Publishing Company.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

IV.—LORD FITZHARDINGE.—BERKELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

INCOMPARABLE Berkeley! I can find no more fitting adjective, for there is nothing to equal it in historic interest and romance.

Whenever I am within its venerable walls I find something of absorbing interest to keep me company. Every object speaks eloquently of bygone days. Everything about the Castle seems to take one back hundreds of years. Untouched, unspoiled by modern builders, the old place stands to-day as it has stood for nigh on a thousand years. Its immense walls, its narrow passages, its keep, and secret stairways, its noble banqueting-hall, its curious reception-rooms and chapel are just as they have been always. Could they but speak, what stories could they tell!

The history of the Castle and its owners has been written oftentimes; thousands of the public are permitted to see the show rooms each year, thanks to Lord Fitzhardinge's kindness; but its art and historic treasures are kept for the inspection of its owner and his guests alone.

From the moment one turns from the quaint street in Berkeley town—and the Castle is practically in the town—into the narrow approach to the Barbican, one seems to breathe the very air of a bygone day. Everything seems so old, so rugged, so massive. Once through the Barbican, where stood the drawbridge, we are in the outer or Bell Court, so called on account of a huge Chinese bell which hangs here. Facing us is the Castle; on the left portion of it is the battered keep, through which Cromwell's cannon made a huge breach. Rather to the right of this is the archway admitting to the inner court. Above this arch is the State bedroom once used by Queen Elizabeth, and last occupied by Lord Kitchener. Inside the inner court we see facing us the windows of the banqueting-hall; to the left of this the great entrance to this hall, on either side of which are whalebones; and to the left again the kitchens; while still further west is the billiard-room, with bedrooms above it. The inner court is nearly circular, and in the north-west portion is the keep, an enormous round-tower, built, so it is said, round a high mound. On the right of the inner court is the unpretentious entrance to the Castle, and beyond this, on the first storey, are the windows of the drawing-rooms. This, then, is a plan of the Castle, which has seen some stirring times—times of battle and siege, and even murder.

The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring, Shrieks of an agonising King,

wrote Gray, and the lines refer, of course, to Edward the Second, who is said to have been murdered there, though Lord Fitzhardinge believes that he made his escape and died peacefully in Italy. Still, the grim legend remains. You will be taken up a steep flight of steps in the keep, and then into a little room with a low, four-post bed, in which the King was put to death—they will even show you the sword with which the awful deed was done. You will also be shown another room, without windows, where the captive King was kept, and where, beneath the floor, is a deep well. In this the

carcasses of beasts were thrown and allowed to rot, that the stench might poison the occupant of the room!

But let us leave the gruesome and wend our way to the front-door, and up the little, narrow, winding staircase. The first apartment reached is the music-room, but, passing this and mounting a few more stairs, we come to a State bedroom with Elizabeth's bed. Two of the features of Berkeley are its tapestry and its wonderfully carved oak beds. Both the bed and the tapestry in the State room are very fine, as are also those in several other rooms; but the room which was occupied by our present King, when Prince of Wales, is singularly gloomy, and is just over the archway, with its window looking into the inner court.

The music-room has one or two interesting things, notably the furniture which belonged to Drake and was on his ship, and the Hunsdon Onyx. This stone belonged to the second Lord Hunsdon, who left it to his daughter, Lady Berkeley, as an heirloom. It belonged originally to Queen Elizabeth, and is flawless. The subject is Andromeda chained to the portico of a building.

In the Long Drawing-room are gathered together articles of great value, amongst them Elizabeth's little gilt chair, Queen Anne's looking-glass, Elizabeth's scent-bottles (for she loved scent) and dressing-table ornaments, and Edward the Sixth's mace, all brought to the family through Lord Hunsdon. The miniatures, too, are unique, as are the snuff and other jewelled and enamelled boxes. From this room a door on the right admits to the gallery of the Chapel, while the door on the left leads to the anteroom and stairs down to the banqueting-hall. In the anteroom are many documents in a glass case, and these include Henry Duke of Normandy's grant of the Manor to Robert Fitzhardinge.

Entering the banqueting-hall by double doors, one sees the finest hall of its kind in the kingdom. Its beautiful old timbered roof and little minstrels' gallery, its stained-glass windows, the old colours carried at Culloden, old armour, Venetian lanterns, silver statuettes, and endless interesting things, all help to add to its charm.

In Berkeley Castle Lord Fitzhardinge lives, the last who will hold this title, for he has no direct heir, the Earl of Berkeley being his nearest relative.

From the days of Earl Godwin, in 1043, or shortly after, the family of which Lord Fitzhardinge is the representative have lived there, and ever since the Castle was built it has been inhabited. This fact alone is remarkable. Devoted to his old home, to his hounds, and to his shooting, Lord Fitzhardinge is a busy man. Hunting four and five days a week and shooting the sixth is a good performance for any man, especially so for one of seventy-five. When at

home, this great sportsman amuses himself with a knitting-machine, and his constant companions are two large Persian cats. It is difficult to reconcile knitting and cats with hunting and sport; nevertheless, here is one who combines a love for both, and as a sportsman Lord Fitzhardinge is thorough—to the backbone.



THE STATE BEDROOM, ONCE USED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND LAST OCCUPIED BY LORD KITCHENER.



BERKELEY CASTLE, SHOWING THE BREACH MADE IN THE WALLS OF THE KEEP BY CROMWELL'S CANNON, AND THE GREAT CHINESE BELL.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

IV.—LORD FITZHARDINGE.—BERKELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



1. The bed in which Edward II. is said to have been murdered, and the sword with which the crime is supposed to have been committed.
2. The bed in which several Earls of Berkeley have died, and in which King Edward slept when he was Prince of Wales.
3. The Music-room, which contains the furniture from Sir Francis Drake's ship.
4. The cup from which Earl Godwin was drinking when he was informed that his lands, now the Goodwin Sands, had been engulfed by the sea.
5. The Chapel, in which a service is held every morning. (Lord Fitzhardinge sits in the gallery.)
6. The Hunsdon Onyx, which shows Andromeda chained to the portico of a building, and its stand. (Once the property of Queen Elizabeth.)
7. Queen Anne's mirror, Queen Elizabeth's scent-bottles and dressing-table ornaments, an armlet worn by postillions of the Earls of Berkeley, and King Edward VI.'s mace.
8. Queen Elizabeth's chair.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

WHY BORE THE NEW ZEALANDERS' FULL-BACK?



A HINT TO THE OPPONENTS OF THE "ALL BLACKS."

If you will not let the New Zealanders' full-back take part in the game, why not entertain him in this fashion until the end of the match?

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

A PASTORAL BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE LOST SHEEP.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BERNARD SHAW has, at last, obtained popularity. Things have changed since the days when he was contributing to Mrs. Besant's little Free-Thought magazine, *Our Corner*. Even then some of us saw that a new writer had appeared. Among the few was Mr. Stead, who used to print reviews by Mr. Shaw in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I should like to read some of these over again—particularly one article which criticised the novels of three experienced ladies. The article bore the title "Thrice the Brindled Cat hath Mewed." Now we are told that the one single conspicuous and picturesque feature of the American autumn trade in books is the vogue of the works of Mr. Shaw, who, after being neglected for so long, then talked of so much by the distinctly literary contingent, seems to have arrived definitely at his goal—the general reader. They are buying Shaw in every book-shop in New York, and the buyers are pretty much all sorts of people. One correspondent watched a stream of such buyers on a recent morning, and he testifies that the stream in question was worth watching. I should think so.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson have found a wide vogue for their books, "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," and the like. They are now to take a new departure. Their summer holiday was spent in making a tour of the canals of Holland in a motor-boat. It is expected that a romance of a motor-boat will be the next work of their fluent pens.

President Roosevelt's activities are amazing. He is by no means neglecting his old love, literature. The President has written an introduction for a special edition of the writings of Abraham Lincoln, and he has finished correcting the proofs of his new book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter." This includes accounts of his latest bear-hunt in Colorado and wolf-hunt in Oklahoma, his Yellowstone Park trip in 1903, and his cougar and bobcat hunt in Colorado in 1901. In a chapter entitled "At Home" are described the resources and diversions of a lover of animals and family pets. The illustrations of the book, which will be published in a few days, are from photographs.

There is a good demand for Nelson literature, and Captain Mahan's "Life" is, of course, much in request. Captain Mahan's new work, "Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812," is very timely in the date of its appearance. Captain Mahan was to lecture in Boston on the Centenary of Trafalgar.

There is to be a special edition of De Musset's writings translated into English. There will be ten volumes, and an edition of a thousand copies, very handsomely produced. At present not many of his writings are actually read, and this issue would seem likely to command its public. De Musset's best work was done before he was thirty, and his life was lived in a wealth of emotion, sentiment, and passion. Considering how very few people can read foreign languages with real intelligence and pleasure, it would seem worth while for publishers to go further than they have done in the issue of complete translations. As only a small public is appealed to, the translations should be handsomely got up, and the numbers should be limited. I have previously suggested in this column the desirability of a complete translation of George Sand's works.

Surely the competition among reprint publishers cannot go much further. When a book of five hundred pages, well bound and well printed, is sold for sixpence net we are at the end of present possibilities. The fight for the shilling trade is going on. A new and formidable competitor has appeared in the person of Mr. Frowde, of the Oxford Press, who has acquired the "World's Classics" series published by Grant Richards. This was a series which fairly took hold of the booksellers and the public, and most assuredly it will lose nothing in Mr. Frowde's hands. I have heard nothing more of the shilling series of reprints which was to be issued by Mrs. E. Grant Richards.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers, without saying that the figures are official, note that Mrs. Ward's profits on "Lady Rose's Daughter" have been estimated at £30,000.

Messrs. Harper will publish Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Fenwick's Career," which is appearing in the *Century*.

Professor Santayana, of Harvard, whose books on the "Life of Reason" have been well received in this country, has been invited to lecture at the Sorbonne, in Paris, on American literature.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's work, "The German Struggle for Liberty," is to reach its fourth volume. The events in view are those of the years between 1844 and 1848, culminating in the meeting of the German National Assembly at Frankfort. Incidentally, Mr. Bigelow will deal with the personalities of Frederick William, Louis Napoleon, and the famous adventuress, Lola Montez.

O. O.



[DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.]

ART AND THE WOMAN.
Enthusiastic Lady Amateur: "Now, Professor, should I paint Nature as I see her?"
Professor: "Ah, oui, Mademoiselle! but do not see ze Nature as you paint her!"

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O. O.

RICHEPIN'S "DON QUICHOTTE," AT THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.



M. LELOIR AS DON QUICHOTTE AND M. BRUNOT AS SANCHO PANZA.

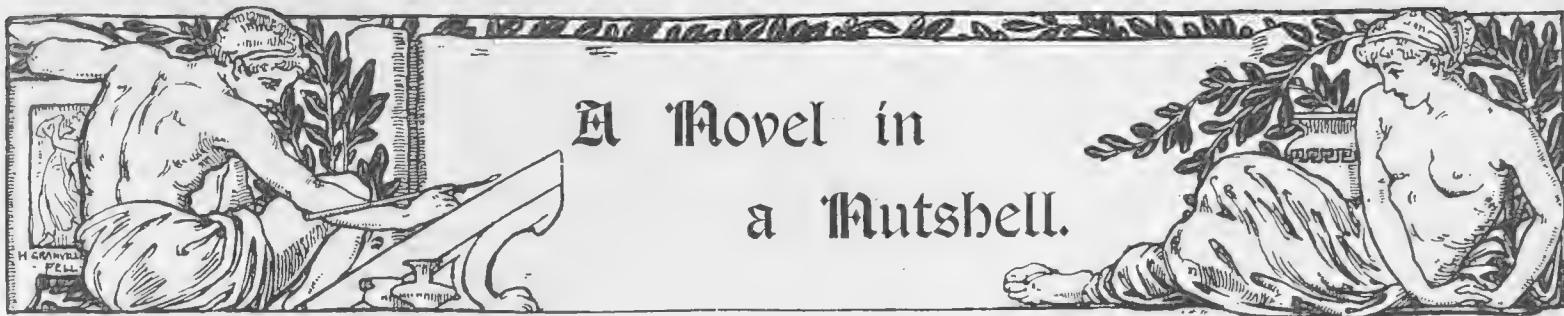
"Don Quichotte," which is in three parts and eight tableaux, was produced at the Théâtre-Français on the 10th of last month. For stage purposes, its author, M. Jean Richepin, has introduced an intrigue foreign to the familiar story, a move that has brought him into some disfavour with those who prefer their Cervantes unadorned.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.

Some Social Pests.

XII.—THE WOULD-BE GIBSON GIRL.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A DRAMA IN THREE SCENES.

BY E. ALMAZ STOUT.

I.—A MAN'S LOVE.

WHAT a perfect evening," said the boy, dreamily, as he laid his head back on the cushions and gazed at the virgin purity of the mountains softly flushing in the summer sunset to the pale, tender pink of a blush-rose.

"Yes," answered the woman, her eyes, too, on the distant rosy peaks. "A perfect evening to end a perfect friendship."

"To end a friendship?" said the boy, his eyes now on the beautiful profile and burnished head beside him.

"Yes; we are not likely to meet again—anyhow, for years. To-morrow I go to England. And you—you are soon going to start for India."

The boy opened his lips as if to speak. But no words came. He was going to South Africa, and he had talked to her often of his plans and hopes and ambitions. And she had listened and sympathised. And yet she had forgotten and had spoken of India.

"But surely," said the boy, "this will not be the end? I thought it was but the beginning of—of—"

"Yes?" asked the woman. And the perfect lips were curved in a smile that the boy did not see, or he would have read the tolerant contempt.

"Of life—of life together," said the boy, valiantly. But he went a little white under the warm tan that had been burned in his handsome young face.

The woman gave a little, silvery laugh.

"You silly boy! How could our life be together?"

"It could, if you would wait. Oh, it would not be for long. I would work day and night, and with such an end in view I should have to win success. And then I already have some hundreds a year, which I shall soon turn to thousands. Oh, I thought you understood, and meant you would wait."

"Wait?"—and there was a cold note in the sweet voice—"I do not understand."

"Yes, wait till I can ask you to be my wife, and lay the riches that all this world has to offer at your feet, where you know my heart already lies."

The silvery laugh was a little discordant now, like bells that were not all tuned to one pitch.

"You are absurd. You cannot have thought, because I talked to you, and let you be with me and fetch and carry for me, that I seriously thought— Oh, you are impossible!"

The boy was on his feet now, and his lips looked almost like a man's, and his eyes were full of question and of pain.

"Then when you let me sit by your side in the moonlight, and hold your hand, and that once when you—Oh, I can hardly bear to speak of it, it seems too sacred—when you let me kiss your lips, even then you were—"

"Amusing myself? Of course. I knew you were a boy, but I did not know you were quite such a boy as not to realise that I was bored out here, with an old aunt to look after, and no one else at hand, and that was why I let you amuse me. Oh, it is too ridiculous to talk about. You will soon learn that a woman's kiss means less than nothing, especially with a moonlight night and a good-looking boy to help."

"Oh, how can you speak like that!" said the boy, in a low whisper. "To me it meant life itself. And I thought no woman let a man, or even a boy, kiss her unless—unless—"

"Unless she meant to marry him? Oh, you silly, silly child! Really, you are boring me worse than the old aunt. I shall go in now. Good-bye, and good luck to those mines—or is it mills?—in India."

And, with a low laugh and without a backward glance at the boy, who stood as if turned to stone, the woman swept from the balcony into the darkened room behind.

II.—A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A man and a woman were sitting in a dimly-lighted conservatory, and the man's arm was round the woman's waist.

"And so our good time is nearly over, and to-morrow we say good-bye."

"Or *au revoir*," said the woman, softly. Her head was against his shoulder and the beautiful eyes were partly closed.

"I fear it is good-bye," said the man. "I am returning to London to work."

"But—but," said the woman, "I shall come to London, too, before long."

"Ah, but then everything will be different. We shall each have things to occupy us, while here we—"

"Yes, here we—?"

"Have had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. And we have succeeded, have we not?" His lips carelessly brushed the shining hair so near his own.

The woman did not answer for a moment, but her eyes were wide open, and there was a look of questioning, almost of terror, in them.

"Only—amused?" she said, in a stifled voice.

"Well, surely there is nothing better in life?" said the man, in a voice of raillery, shifting the burnished head a little. "We were both here, guests in a country house, where people were invited to amuse themselves and each other. You and I understand the game. We knew that a kiss—aye, a dozen kisses—given a man and a woman, and moonlight, and nothing else to do, means nothing. With anyone who knew the game less well than yourself I might have hesitated. But I knew you would not misunderstand."

The woman was sitting bolt upright now, and her white, soft hands were tightly clenched.

"But supposing I was not—amusing myself?" She was very desperate. She was fighting for life itself, and she knew she had already lost the battle.

The man laughed. "Oh, but, of course, I knew you were. Well, we've had a good time. Perhaps—who knows?—we may meet again in the years to come, and have another."

"Then, you mean—?" A look of hope leapt into the woman's eyes.

"Oh, I mean nothing. But the world is very round, and pawns that have moved on the same checker-board have a knack of meeting and moving there again. Do you know"—with a sudden change of voice—"there is something I want to tell you. I had a letter from a friend of mine to-day. He's little more than a boy even now. He went to South Africa a few weeks ago, and he came to see me before he started. I had seen him two months before that, and then he was a bright, sweet-natured, trusting boy. He went to Switzerland, and there a woman"—he laughed again, and his laugh was short and ugly—"a woman played with him and his innocence and ignorance

as no woman with any sense of shame—aye, or of goodliness—in her could have done. She must have seen that he did not know the game of hearts. He was playing it for the first time. She was bored, and, having nothing else to amuse her, amused herself with a lad's belief and trust in womanhood and goodness. When I saw the boy again, he was on the verge of insanity, and once I saved him from suicide. You wonder why I tell you this, *à propos* of nothing? Queer, isn't it? Just an instance of how a woman amused herself as we have been amusing ourselves, only this time both of us have been playing the same game. By Jove! you've no idea how lovely you look now with the moon on your face. And, as this is really good-bye, let's play the game to the end. Just one more kiss."

And, with a light laugh, the man carelessly put out his arms to draw her to him.

But the woman gave a little cry, like a hound that has been whipped to the death by its master, and swayed, first forward, then backward, and fell, with her golden head at his feet.

III.—LOVE'S ENDING.

A man with fast whitening hair was walking along Piccadilly with a friend in the busy hour between seven and eight.

A happy-faced, well-dressed man and a pretty girl passed them in an electric landauette.

"See that young fellow?" said the man. "When I saw him, five years ago, he was on the verge of insanity and suicide. A woman, of course. I saw him to-day for the first time since then, and he told me he had just returned from South Africa, almost a millionaire, and

that the crowning happiness of his life had come to him, as he is engaged to be married to the one and only woman in the world. That was she with him. Queer, isn't it?"

"No, not queer, because he's a man," said his friend. "That's just a man's way. Now, a woman—Stop! Look in that hansom, quick!"

The man started, and for a second he half stood still.

In the hansom was a woman with a haggard, painted face, and darkened eyes, and flaming Titian hair. And beside her was a man with a coarse, white face and gloating eyes.

"You see that woman?" went on his friend. "Now there's a case in point of what I was going to say. I know her; she's a patient of mine, in fact. I don't know her real name, but at one time she was well known in Society with a capital 'S.' I don't know the exact story: she has only told me fragments. But she loved a man—some blackguard he must have been—who made her think he cared for her, and then turned her off with a laugh. He did it, I believe, to avenge some friend of his with whom he thought she had trifled and who probably was not worth a second thought. Well, that man has that woman's soul on his hands as surely as if he had ruined her himself. She had brain-fever, and when she came back to life again she didn't care what happened to her. She was reckless in the way that only a woman can be reckless. Another scoundrel came across her then, and—and—well, you can see the result. Mercifully for her, it can't last long. Her time, poor soul, is nearly up."

And the man walked on as in a dream. And as he thought of man's love, and how it passes, and of woman's love, and how it wrecks, he knew that his friend was right. And it seemed to him that his punishment was greater than hers.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

The Stout Party: "Can I get through here to the village?"
The Little Boy: "A load of hay 'as, so I guess you can."

DRAWN BY EDWARD KING.



Heard in the Green-Room.

[Photograph by]

SO much has been written with regard to Mr. Bernard Shaw's statement in a German paper that Sir Henry Irving demanded for himself a knighthood, which, later on, he "did not so much as cause to be printed on the play-bills," that the subject has been frequently spoken about in theatrical circles. Everyone acquainted with Sir Henry Irving knew that he laboured continually for the social recognition of the theatrical profession, which twenty-five years ago was more or less under a ban, from which it has not entirely shaken itself free even now. It was not, as has been insinuated, any lack of appreciation of the honour done him, and through him the dramatic calling, which prevented the printing of his title on the programme. It has always been understood in the Green-room that it was in accordance with an unwritten law, and anyone who will take the trouble to look either on the programme of the New Theatre or in the announcement of the cast of the play which was so successfully produced last week will see that Sir Charles Wyndham adopts the same rule, and, while the male members of his Company have "Mr." before their names, his is conspicuous by being without a prefix. The same rule was observed when the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's name appeared on a theatrical programme.

The author-actor-manager we know well, for he is a constant quantity in the theatre. The author-composer-manager, however, is probably unique in the history of the stage, and it is by no means certain that he has ever appeared before Mr. Paul Rubens, who will produce his "comedy with music"—quite a different thing from musical comedy—on Saturday, 11th inst., at the Apollo Theatre, for, although not formally announced in that way, it is well known that the run of "Mr. Pottle" will be under his direction. The departure is admittedly an experiment, and it remains to be seen whether the public prefers actors and actresses who can act to take the singing parts in a play with music, to actors and actresses who can sing and at the same time introduce something of the nature of a personal entertainment on their own account. In the belief that theatre-goers will welcome the change and give him their support, Mr. Rubens has engaged a strong Company, headed by Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. G. P. Huntley, with Miss Marie Illington, Miss Grace Dudley, and Miss Coralie Blythe, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. W. Cheesman, and Mr. Leon Rennay in the other principal parts. "Mr. Pottle," depending as it does on the actors rather than on the musicians, will be noted for the absence of opening choruses and finales to the Acts, and their omission is due to the simple reason that it has not fallen within Mr. Rubens's scheme to introduce them.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's thrice announced and twice postponed revival of "An Enemy of the People" will take place to-morrow afternoon at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree, of course, appearing as

Dr. Stockmann. Miss Rosina Filippi will be Mrs. Stockmann, and other parts will be played by Miss Margaret Halstan, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Fisher White, Mr. E. M. Robson, and Mr. Nigel Playfair.

Much interest has been aroused by Mr. Arthur Bourchier's announcement, made in the course of his speech as Chairman of the meeting held last week under the auspices of the London Shakspere League, that he intends to produce during the next two or three weeks certain scenes from a Shakspere play, if not without scenery, yet with very little aid in that direction. The scenes in question will be from "The Merchant of Venice," which is having so successful a run at the Garrick.

Gradually the one-Act play is gaining that consideration from other managers which it has for some time received from Mr.

Frederick Harrison. Evidence of this is to be seen at the Scala, where Miss Gertrude Elliott and Mr. Forbes-Robertson are playing in "Carrots," and at the Waldorf, where Miss Camilla Dalberg is specially engaged for "La Main"; while at the Savoy, on Monday, Mrs. Mouillot, in addition to playing the leading part in "What the Butler Saw," appeared in "Back to the Land," a new one-Act play by Mr. Andrew Wicks.

Now it is announced that when, somewhere in the third week of the month, on a date to be yet fixed, Mr. Huntley Wright makes his first appearance as a "star" out of musical comedy, instead of limiting himself to the principal piece of the evening, he will "play in the audience," to use the theatrical phrase, as a Jesuit priest in "The Little Father of the Wilderness," by Mr. Austin Strong and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. The long play will be a farce called "The Mountain Climber," which has been adapted from "Der Hoch Tourist" by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who is, in due course, to furnish Mr. H. B. Irving with a new play, to be called "The Dilettante." All the arrangements for the two plays at the Comedy are in the hands of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who always produces the pieces presented by Mr. Charles Frohman.

The recent "discoveries" of actors by the critics and the public have shown the footlights how great a part opportunity plays in enabling a man to come into his own. The production of "Lights Out" has caused Mr. Charles Weir to be discovered, although he has been acting as the hero of the melodramas at the Hippodrome for some years, while in the provinces and in the suburbs he has been one of the recognised strong leading actors, playing the parts created at the Adelphi by William Terriss, and also appearing in modern pieces like "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," in which he acted the character originated by Mr. Frederick Kerr with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.



THE GAIETY'S GREETING TO THE KING AND QUEEN: "THE SPRING CHICKEN" WHO BOWED TO THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF KINGSWAY.
[Photograph by Elgar.]

KEY-NOTES

EVERWHERE throughout England on Trafalgar Day Nelson's memory was celebrated in various forms of music. It is rather a curious thing, but it is one which continually forces itself before one's mind, that no great feat of physical force has ever been accomplished in this world without musical expression ultimately being associated with it. This is not by any means to say that musical expression belongs to the highest form of art, but, at all events, it has generally fulfilled popular expectation, and has usually made the people content by bringing forward melodies which subsequently may almost be known as folk-tunes. Take the case of Braham, for example; he was the man of his own day who realised for the people that musical element which seems to be contained in all heroic actions, and by his famous song, which has within the last week been repeated times out of number, he expressed a certain patriotic and national sentiment which can never be disassociated from his own music. One thought leads to another, and though it would be carrying the point too far to dwell upon patriotic music as it has been aroused by other great national incidents in war, one must be compelled to remember, nevertheless, such songs as "Hearts of Oak," "The Bay of Biscay," and a thousand other celebrations of heroic feats which have had a very lasting expression in the art of music.

Take, for example, such a song as "Hearts of Oak." It shows an extraordinary appreciation of the mere outfit of a vessel, when the fact that the rafters and boards of the old ships of England were made of solid oak appealed so keenly to the multitude.

At the present moment we still seem to hold by that idea, even though the material no longer exists. One supposes that such grandiloquent phrases as "Jolly tars are our men," "Steady, boys, steady," and "We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again" have made the musical sense of the Navy last, even with the disappearance of actual details in the construction of shipping. At all events, though one may not altogether regard the music which has been centred round Nelson's last battle as great art, one may still remember that it was the immediate and untrammelled outcome of the emotion which touched, not only the nation as a mass, but also the musicians of his own period.

The Bayreuth Festival performances, despite all competition, even the American competition in regard to "Parsifal," still go strong. It has been decided to hold a festival at Bayreuth in 1906. Seven performances of "Parsifal" will be given, two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and five performances of "Tristan und Isolde"—twenty performances in all. The dates range between July 22 and August 20, inclusive. The performances begin with "Tristan" and end with "Parsifal"; but we cannot help thinking that the restrictions placed upon those who are anxious to acquire tickets for one or another performance are somewhat severe. For instance, an announcement is made that "an equal number of seats must be taken for the adjoining performances of 'Parsifal' and 'Tristan' in order to keep the series complete." Such an injunction would, of course, have been respected by anybody who knew what Wagner's intentions might have been in this matter; but Wagner

has been dead some twenty-five years, and it seems to us that Bayreuth is straining its prestige to a very high point when it insists upon regulations such as these, which do not really attract the enthusiastic tourist, who has only a limited purse, after all, to the Bavarian hill-town.

The present writer has had a good deal of experience at Bayreuth, and he is not at all inclined to agree with the announcement made that "in the Bayreuth Theatre all seats are almost equally good for seeing and hearing." He has experienced, a little sadly, how different it is to be placed on one side or the other, both for hearing and for seeing; and it would be well for anybody who desires to visit Bayreuth for this particular occasion to acquaint himself most carefully with every position in the theatre where he may desire to book his seat. For this somewhat cynical sentence is added to the authoritative announcement which has been issued: "Tickets once booked cannot be returned."

Mr. Fitzhugh Goldsborough gave a violin recital at the Bechstein Hall last week. It may be mentioned at once that a very great improvement has been made in that hall by the provision of two passages from back to front, in place of the one middle passage which, in old times, used to lead to much confusion in the finding of seats. The present writer has always commended Bechstein Hall for its acoustic properties, and now, with these improvements, it is probably the most comfortable hall in London. Mr. Goldsborough is a



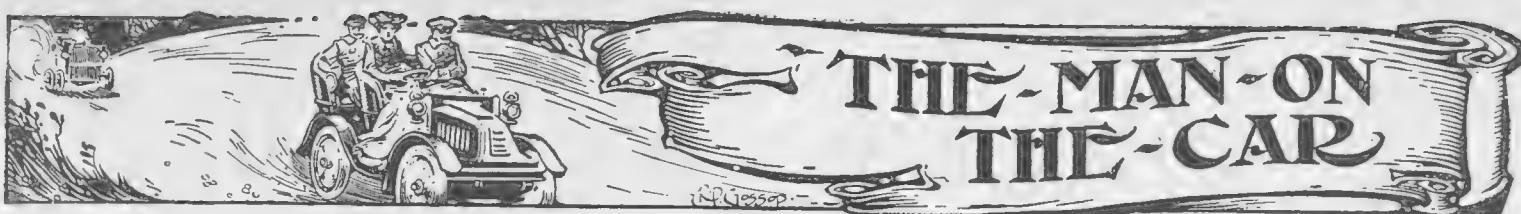
SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S NEW OPERA, "BRUDER LUSTIG," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT HAMBURG:
THE FINALE OF THE FIRST ACT.

Siegfried Wagner's new opera was produced in the State Theatre, Hamburg, and seems to have given a good deal of satisfaction to the composer's friends, who are persuaded that he has inherited some, at least, of his great father's genius. The critics, however, are inclined to be lukewarm, some of them saying that the work marks no advance on the part of the composer. Herr Wagner received a "call" after each Act on the first-night.

violinist of good technique, but not of very great sensitiveness. He makes light of most difficult passages, yet in the less difficult passages, so far as the technical musician is concerned, which mean so much more to the real musician, he at times goes hopelessly astray. His tone is curiously monotonous, and his bowing, though brilliant at times, invariably produces the same effect of hardness, and, one may even say, of unsympathetic character. In his interpretation of Sarasate's version of Chopin's Second Nocturne he was, in every sense, admirable so far as tune and mastery over his instrument can go; but he just lacked the Chopin sentiment, as he seemed to be lacking in musical sentiment, as apart from musical expressiveness, throughout his concert. He is a highly interesting artist; but we think that a little meditation and a little careful study of the emotional musical temperament as it has been exhibited in the great composers for the violin would do him a world of good. Miss Gwendolyn Lindsay sang various songs on this occasion with varying success.

The autumn season of opera at Covent Garden, alternated every now and then by a Fancy-dress Ball, the whole being under the direction of Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, continues a highly prosperous career. "Madama Butterfly" seems to have been the triumph of the season, although in other Italian works the combination of fine scenery with good singers has made for a genuine success. Mr. Rendle and Mr. Forsyth must be congratulated upon their adventure, which not only may be said to be distinguished by artistic intention, but which has proved to be artistic.

COMMON CHORD.



THE TOP-GEAR BRIGHTON TO LONDON RUN—KEEPING THE COOLING-WATER LIQUID IN WINTER—AN APPEAL AGAINST THE ANDOVER BENCH—AIR-COOLED CYLINDERS FOR AVERAGE AND HIGH-POWERED ENGINES—LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT FOR MOTOR-BOATS.

ALTHOUGH by no means an epoch-making performance, the top-gear Brighton to London run of the six-cylinder Napier car, driven by Mr. Cecil Edge, and observed by two members of the Automobile Club, is valuable as demonstrating how very close the internal-combustion motor now approaches to the steam-engine in extreme flexibility. Only a few years ago, the wish that something like the flexibility of the steam-engine might, in the far distant future, be attained by the explosion motor was frequently in the thoughts of automobilists, who then scarce dreamed that their ardent desires were within measurable distance of fruition. And a speed range of five and three-quarters to forty-six miles per hour on the highest gear without disconnection between the motor and the driven members of the car mechanism will, I think, be allowed as approaching the possibilities of steam without many of steam's disadvantages. I have little doubt that the Napier Brighton-Edinburgh performance will shortly find many imitators.

In view of the approach of cold weather and the possibility of much costly damage being effected to honeycomb radiators and cylinder-jackets by the congealing of the cooling-water within them, a well-known automobilist lately commissioned Mr. Veitch Wilson, the well-known lubricant expert to Price's Candle Company, to carry out a series of tests for the purpose of showing what proportion of commercial glycerine should be added to the water introduced into car radiators, in order that it should remain liquid at temperatures down to zero Fahrenheit. Mr. Veitch Wilson made experiments and found that a 10 per cent. solution of glycerine and water froze at 30 deg. Fahr.; a 20 per cent. at 27½; a 30 per cent. at 21; and a 40 per cent. at zero. It would therefore appear that, for all-round use, a 20 to 25 per cent. solution of glycerine and water should make things safe against any low temperature likely to be experienced in this country, particularly when any sort of shelter is afforded. Modern radiator-tanks contain from two and three-quarters to three and a-half gallons of water, so that, with commercial glycerine at seven-and-six-pence per gallon, about five-and-six-pence or so cannot be esteemed a heavy frost-premium, particularly when the costly damage that might be caused is borne in mind.

The thanks of all good automobilists are due to Mr. Welch Thornton for his pluck and enterprise in appealing to the Winchester Quarter Sessions against a conviction of the notorious H-Andover Bench for driving at Hurstbourne Priors cross-roads to the public danger.

The Winchester Quarter Sessions upheld Mr. Welch Thornton's appeal, but without making any award as to costs, which appears to be most unfair. If the magistrates at Winchester consider Mr. Welch Thornton to be guiltless of the charge brought against him—which they must do, or they would never have decided in his favour—why, in the name of common fairness, should Mr. Thornton be obliged to pay the costs of his defence before the Lower Court and his own costs of the appeal, no small item? The effect of this one-sided procedure is to deter any poor man from availing himself of such remedy against injustice as an appeal to Quarter Sessions may appear to afford him. All the satisfaction Mr. Thornton has by the above issue is the reflection that he has taught the H-Andover magistrates a lesson, while doing the automobile state some service, that he has had his fine remitted, and that he has had the endorsement erased from his licence.

If our American cousins are brought, by climatic causes, to the contemplation of air-cooled cylinders for average and high-powered engines, we in this country are hardly likely to make what from our point of view is a backward step in explosion-engine design. The argument of simplicity and freedom from pump and water troubles really no longer obtains, for pump and radiator troubles can hardly be said to exist in connection with up-to-date cars. I know of many water-cooled engines whose pumps and radiators have served for two or three years with no attention save an occasional packing of the stuffing-box or gland, and the pump vanes or wheels, on being taken down and inspected, have shown no appreciable signs of wear. A writer in one of the motor papers here has fallen a victim to the fascinations of the Frayer-Miller and the Corbin cars, two American automobiles fitted with air-cooled engines of considerable power. What the writer loses sight of altogether is the rapid heating of such cylinders which follows careless driving.



THE AUTOMOBILE ON THE BOARDS: THE DAIMLER MOTOR USED TO REPRODUCE THE SOUNDS OF A MOTOR-CAR IN "BONHEUR DES DAMES," AT THE THÉÂTRE DES VARIÉTÉS, PARIS.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

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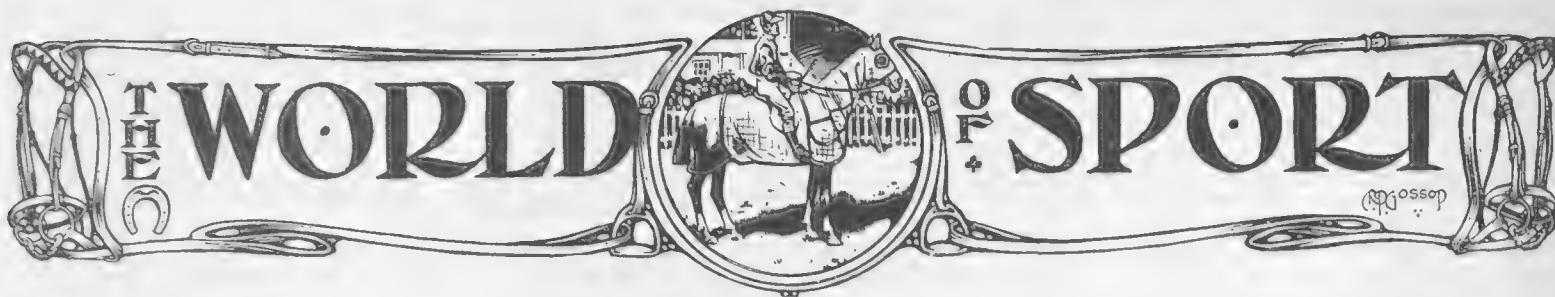
LA TORTAJADA IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER AND SOME OF THE KAFFIRS WHO DANCED BEFORE HER.

On the occasion of her recent visit to South Africa, La Tortajada witnessed a Kaffir dance specially organised for her on the Crown Deep Mine, Johannesburg.

Photograph by F. W. J. Welch.

been moved by the recollection of the peril in which two, at least, of the crack motor racing-boats engaged in the Eliminating Trials off Ryde this year were placed. In both cases matters had become very serious before aid was at hand.

Not one moment too soon the Marine Motor Association are taking steps to ensure the presence of proper life-saving equipment on motor racing-boats engaging in competitions under their rules. The gentleman responsible for taking the initiative in this matter is Mr. Linton Hope, the well-known light-boat designer and a very energetic member of the Marine Motor Association, and doubtless he has



THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—APPRENTICES—THE DERBY—STARTERS—FLANNEL OR SILK.

THE last big handicap of the season to be decided at the headquarters of the Turf is a difficult one to deal with, as owners' intentions are not known before the eleventh hour. I have for many years suggested to those in doubt that the best way was to wait until the numbers had gone up and back the first favourite. In eight years out of ten this would pay. The race to be decided on Wednesday will bring out the usual big field, but big fields make little difference across the Flat, where plenty of elbow-room is available. The distance of the race is a mile and a furlong, the pace is a cracker from end to end, and it is sometimes a case of first off being first home. On the Kempton running, Velocity must have a big chance; but the book shows that Glenamoy, on some running, holds him safe. I hear that Andover has been under a cloud, and I must reluctantly discard him in favour of Glenamoy. I think Uninsured, if ridden out, is very likely to finish in the first three, while Rievaulx is another candidate that should get placed. The North Country people fancy Bibiani, who may run well, but not well enough, while the French horses are not good enough this time.

The new law passed by the Jockey Club in reference to apprentices should work well. I, for one, am glad that no allowance will be obtainable in handicaps to which more than £200 has been added. Of recent years we have seen many of the best handicaps spoiled by the apprentice allowance. For this

reason, unprincipled owners could put their heads together and either exploit the allowance or not, as the case suited; this means playing with a margin of ten pounds. The handicappers stood it a deal longer than I expected they would have done; but all is well that ends well, and we may now see every horse in the race backed, instead of one or two only, as has been the case for some time now. Trainers with useful apprentices will no longer be able to enforce prohibitive fees for the services of their boys, and, while the latter will lose very little by the change, the Sport of Kings will benefit greatly. I should like to see a rule passed under which every trainer would be compelled to train one good apprentice to every ten horses under his charge.

The Epsom Derby of 1906 closed, on July 19, 1904, with 289 entries, and it is pretty safe to guess that, when it comes to be run, there will not be more than fifteen starters, which speaks volumes for the popularity attaching to the race. It was thought at one time of day that Major Eustace Loder's Admirable Crichton, by Isinglass—Admiration, would be the winter favourite for the Blue Riband; but he made a bad hole in his manners in the race for the Middle Park Plate, and, strictly speaking, on the book, Flair, by St. Frusquin—Glare, should beat him again, but I should say that Flair would run in the Oaks. Colonel Hall Walker's Black Arrow is certain to be backed if sent fit and well to the post, for the sporting crowd religiously follow any horse of

bad tempérément, although their hearts sometimes fail them at the vital moment, as was the case with Despair, Cuttlestone, and Bullion of old. The authorities are pretty well agreed up till now that Mr. W. B. Purefoy's ch. c. Lally, by Amphon—Miss Hoyden, is fully entitled to become the winter favourite for the Derby. He has run in ten races this year, has won seven times, been second twice, and third once. His defeat of Black Arrow at Kempton was full of merit, as he was giving 4 lb. Very little notice must be taken of his defeat by Athleague, to whom he gave 20 lb. at Phoenix Park, as Lally had a bad passage across the Irish Channel. He failed to give Ulalume 8 lb. and Merry Moment 5 lb. at Ascot, which is the only blot on his escutcheon, but he may not have been himself that day. Lally might have been bought for 10,000 guineas at Ascot, but he is no longer for sale.

A well-known sporting journalist has been spending a holiday in France, and, like the bus-driver at rest, he, as a matter of course, put in an appearance at Longchamps and Chantilly. He says the starting in France is absolutely perfect, and all the races he saw were started beautifully, without a hitch of any kind. I was very glad to hear this, as my old friend and school-fellow, Mr. Richard Figes, is the official starter to the French Jockey Club, and it proves that old Father Time has dealt kindly with him. Mr. Figes uses an electrical invention of his own, by which he can walk



THE FINEST COVERED TENNIS-COURT IN THE WORLD: THE COURT AT MR. J. J. ASTOR'S HOUSE, FERNCLIFF, RHEINBECK, NEW YORK.

about on the course and pull the lever without his movements being noticed by the jockeys engaged. This is evidently a great improvement on our platform system, as it gives the starter a chance to get a view of all the animals formed up into line, while it proves that the jockeys know that it is no use their trying to play the forestalling game. By the use of Mr. Figes's invention, horses and jockeys are well under control, and I hope the system will be adopted in this country.

As is well known, many of the cross-country jockeys don flannel jackets instead of silk ones in the depth of winter, and I think the little flat-race jockeys should be allowed to do the same when riding in the late autumn; it is well-nigh impossible to tell the difference when the sun is weak. Further, flannel is, without a doubt, a better chest-protector than silk, although, marvellous to relate, silk is much worn in India in the summer and in Canada in the winter. The question of weight is not a very formidable one, and it is far better that an apprentice should carry one or two pounds overweight than that he should be laid up with a sharp attack of pneumonia. Many of the jockeys who can spare the weight wear warm underclothing under their silks, but the little apprentices seldom have the margin to allow for this, and they often go to scale with nothing beyond their silk jacket. True, good silk is waterproof; on the other hand, damp silk is terribly uncomfortable.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE disastrous internal condition of Russia, which is only partially realised over here in the morsels of "Special Correspondents'" news that slip by the Censor, does not prevent Muscovite grand dames from enriching their wardrobes with the latest creations of Parisian dressmakers, and winter trousseaux in preparation for the Grand Duchess Xenia and one of the Chamberlains' wives at the Russian Court were shown us in Paris the other day as the highest possible expression of Rue de la Paix and Boulevard de la Madeleine inspiration. There was a velvet tailor-made—the last expression of *chic* and luxury—in dull sapphire, the skirt accordion-pleated, which seemed almost sacrilege, the bodice trimmed with sable borderings, and at the shoulders and round the yoke heads and tails of these precious little animals bewilderingly intermixed with loops and rosettes of the velvet. Another walking-gown, one of burgundy-red velvet, was enlivened with wonderful passementerie of finely-cut sparkling jet and ermine tails, the black and white points of which made a rather bizarre but eminently uncommon effect. A cap, stole, and muff of ermine, each toned down with jet and black Chantilly, completed a picture of extreme luxury and expense. An afternoon-gown of black chiffon was exquisitely flanked with narrow folds of mauve velvet and ivory lace, the skirt being parted at one side over a petticoat of old Chantilly adorned with knots of the velvet. The bodice and sleeves, similarly treated, made a charming effect, simple and elegant. A golden-bronze chiffon velvet "carriage-gown," as it was labelled, had a dainty mantelet, muff, and capote *en suite*. An Empire coat of white cloth, elaborately beaded in black and silver, to be worn with a black velvet Gainsborough

and green, completed an ideally ethereal tea-gown. We were amused to see some cobwebby lace night-caps in Brussels point and finely run Bretonne lace included in these outfits, and were informed that a standing order for the latest novelties always insured St. Petersburg being made immediately aware of what Paris had most



[Copyright.]

THE NEW BLUE WITH ERMINE.



[Copyright.]

A CHIC TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

hat, was also appropriately gorgeous and Grand-ducal; while a dream of expensive and lovely flimsiness was realised in a pale-green chiffon of the painted variety, on which La France roses figured in posies. A long polonaise coat of fine Limerick lace, adorned with posies of chiffon rosebuds and foliage in pink

recently evolved. The lace night-cap has been discovered to be becoming, and is used for breakfast in bed, doctors' visits, and other occasions where effect on the feelings of the beholder is desirable. Meanwhile, with the name of Russia, one's mind is filled with the horrors that are the daily portion of that deplorable country—horrors that are but the epitome of that appalling book launched on a startled world three months ago, Alexander Ulmar's "Russia From Within." The pen-portraits of the Czar and Grand Dukes are ineffaceably impressive, while that of the poor Empress is tragic indeed, if only a tenth part true, and explains the melancholy one associates with all her portraits at every stage since the disastrous day of her Coronation.

"The young Empress," one reads, "lives in a sort of Inferno, despite the genuine if superficial affection entertained for her by her husband. She has suffered a long expiation for her intellectual superiority and modern notions. She succeeded in introducing the language of her infancy—English—at the Court, but never, unhappily, could inculcate the liberal views conveyed by that language. She was, in fact, the Cinderella of the Circle. Reduced to inertia, disheartened by the gulf separating her from her Asiatic entourage, she has gradually lost touch with the interests that agitate the civilised world, and takes refuge in good works, the interests of the Church and household. Much that must have been intolerable in her condition should have been changed by the birth of the Czarevitch Alexis. But the situation has become even worse by reason of the continual interference of the Imperial mother-in-law in domestic affairs. The Czarevitch, moreover, bears all the stigmas of his race. He suffers

from convulsions and a certain form of infantile tuberculosis which gives rise to acute alarm"; and so on into pages that read like the nightmare accounts of France in 1793. What a piteous environment for the gentlest and most blameless of Princesses, one, too, brought up in the homely, happy atmosphere of Windsor under Victoria the Good!

Lady Hardinge, wife of our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has just left that centre of the vortex with her little daughter Diamond, and must be glad to escape even temporarily from the storm zone while her duties at Court as Lady of the Bedchamber demand her presence here. Lady Hardinge and Lady Chelsea are sisters and bear a strong family resemblance.

Motoring in winter is shorn of many joys that make it a supreme pastime on sunny summer days; still, given an efficient and sufficient method of wrapping-up, and the motor even in coldest weather has its charm. One of the last forms of coat invented for rushing through the air at top-speed without losing too much animal heat is called the "Coster" coat. As its name implies, it is made of corduroy velvet, either brown, fawn, or green, adorned with big ivory or silver buttons, lined with squirrel, and collared and cuffed with mink. A delightful weather and wind resisting coat, yet extremely smart, it would make a most welcome Christmas present, and its cost is only twelve guineas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. L. K. (Essex).—Lola had a nice little blue-cloth tailor-made the other day which might suit you. It was striped with blue cloth, very prettily braided in blue, and had revers and cuffs of white cloth, the whole costing only six guineas—surely a very low price for a well-cut, tailor-built cloth frock. You could have it in black or grey.

SUZON (Maidenhead). (1) The warmest shoes for evening wear in winter are velvet. You could have them made to match your different-coloured frocks. (2) The newest photographs are done in sepia colourings, and others in delicate water-colours. They are charming, and not more expensive than the ordinary, two guineas and three guineas respectively; and I have seen some quite beautiful photos., looking like old colour-prints, so soft and lifelike, at four and a-half guineas for a dozen. They are certainly worth "all the money."

HOPE (Chester).—I quite see your point, but there can be no fear of loss if you take up or pay for what you buy, always provided you do not get into wild-cat schemes, but buy on the merits, or good inside information of the undertaking.

HOSTESS.—Yes, I have met a salad made of violets at a dinner-party. It was a novelty, but I cannot say that it *tasted* good, as the children say. If you want to use violets, why not have the ordinary orange-salad with your wild-duck, and just sprinkle over it a few Neapolitan violets, which will make it look pretty and accord with your violet table, without spoiling the taste of the salad.

LADY N. H.—The sale of the Irish Industries at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, Bristol, will take place on Nov. 22 and 23. You would find the climate you want in the Isle of Wight without going so far afield—for merely three weeks. You get, at all events, every morsel of sunshine that shines over England.

SYBIL.

The Cat Show at the Crystal Palace once more proves the "staying power" of poor puss. A Princess, the elder daughter of Princess Christian, exhibited three of the inmates of her famous cattery; but Lady Decies' wonderful long-haired Zaida, the Chinchilla for which her proud mistress has refused a thousand pounds, was declared the most perfect of the six hundred cats present. Cat culture can be made a paying industry if the fancier lives in the country and is willing to devote a great deal of intelligent care to her cattery. Many prize pedigree cats are sent to America, where the most luxurious catteries in the world are to be found.

In our last issue we spoke of "Living Races of Mankind" as published in monthly parts. As a matter of fact, the parts are issued fortnightly.

The Ladies' Automobile Club is proving a distinct addition to feminine Clubland. Last week (25th) a notable gathering took place there, and many women famed in the motoring world were present, including the indefatigable Lady Cecilia Scott Montagu. Lady motorists are careful drivers, and rarely, if ever, fall into the "traps" of which one hears so much. It is, however, significant that they are all in favour of the abolition of the speed-limit. The Englishwoman, when motoring, presents a more attractive appearance than does her French sister, but then she has less dust to contend with.

The way in which Sir Henry Irving has continued to dominate the newspapers for a week and more after his funeral has been a most gratifying source of comment in the Green-room, where it is regarded as a remarkable tribute not merely to his genius, but to his personality. That this still has an attractive value is proclaimed by the posters of Madame Tussaud's, for Irving's name is in type of such size as to dwarf the other announcements.

Messrs. J. R. Freeman and Sons, manufacturers of "Freemans' Darvel Bay Segars" (popularly known as "F.D.B." Segars), have recently added to the numerous prize medals they have already obtained for the quality and general excellence of their goods a gold medal awarded at the Liège Universal Exhibition, and also a gold medal for British-made cigars at the Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition (1905).

The Aeolian Hall, admirably built and equally well adapted for high-class concerts and recitals, may be rented by concert-givers. Its position, its decorations, its acoustic properties, its seating arrangements, and its splendid approach make it particularly suited to the purposes of chamber-concerts, vocal and instrumental recitals, and similar entertainments. An illustrated booklet concerning it has just been issued, and this can be obtained from the Manager, Aeolian Hall, 135 to 137, New Bond Street, W.

A case of considerable interest to the married folk of comic songs has been decided at Buffalo,

U.S.A. It appears that one Joseph Schultz suspected that his wife was in the habit of examining his pockets when he was asleep, and therefore he bought a small rat-trap, which he set and placed in his trousers-pocket. Sure enough, that night he was awakened by the cries of his wife, who, in putting her hand to find if he had any money to spare, was caught in the trap. The result was that she summoned him before the magistrate, who, perhaps with something of a fellow-feeling, decided that he was well within his rights, and that the good lady had put her fingers where they had no business to be.

Under the title of "Residential Suites, 33, Dover Street, and 17, Berkeley Street, Mayfair, W." there is published an instructive little booklet, illustrated in colour and detailing the advantages of the building that has just taken the place of "Mexborough House," once the London home of the Earls of Mexborough. The new erection is also known as "Mexborough House," and is planned as a series of admirably arranged residential apartments. It should certainly be visited by those who are house or flat hunting. Permission to view, further particulars, and the booklet under notice can be obtained from the Steward on the premises, care of Messrs. The Well Fire Company, Limited, who occupy the ground floor.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-one (from July 19 to Oct. 11, 1905) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 13

UNSATISFACTORY MARKETS.

AS we anticipated last week, the markets have been very unsatisfactory, and our caution came none too soon. The Bank Return has rather accentuated the uneasiness, and this, coupled with what looks like a really serious crisis in Russia, and the foolish talk of the Emperor William about "a people in arms," has done nothing to improve the situation.

It is clear that the Russian Loan will have to be put off for a time, which will be a relief to the Money Market. Consols have been



THE WEST AUSTRALIAN TIMBER TRADE: LOADING LOGS BY STEAM IN THE FOREST.

under 88 again, and the stress of the present unsatisfactory outlook is pressing heavily on the holders of our premier security and other gilt-edged stocks. The market fully expects that the rate at the next Consol settlement will be stiffer than last time, and some people talk about 5 per cent. as the price to be paid for carrying over. We hardly expect it will be quite as bad as this, but, all the same, to be a bull will probably be an expensive luxury.

This week we continue our illustrations of the West Australian timber trade, and are again indebted to the Millar Company for the kind use of their photographs. The first picture represents the Company's private railway through the forests, where the logs are loaded by steam-power on to the trucks and carried off to the mills, while the second illustrates pay-day at one of the Company's saw-mills.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY WISELY.

It is said to be harder to keep money than to make it, and from the numerous questions as to investments which one receives it is obvious that there are enormous numbers of people who have little or no notion how to invest money wisely. Even in our earliest years we have wrong ideas impressed upon us as to the investment of capital. Everyone will remember grappling with problems of this sort: "Which is the better investment, Brazilian 5 per cent. Stock at 90, or Chilean 5½ per cent. Stock at 97½?" And the answer, according to the book, was—"The latter." I suppose that any boy who had sent up the answer that he wanted a week or two in which to examine thoroughly the financial position of Chili and Brazil would have been rewarded with an imposition! But whether the fault lies with our educational system or not, the fact remains that many otherwise intelligent and well-educated persons find themselves quite helpless when they have to invest money for themselves or others, and in their ignorance are apt to make mistakes which may have very serious consequences. I propose therefore to enumerate a few simple rules which should be followed in the matter of investments, the observance of which will prevent the investor from falling into some, at any rate, of the pitfalls which lie in wait for the unwary. And, first, it is necessary to define what we mean by investing money wisely. I suppose the general answer to be given would be, "To obtain the best return which is compatible with the safety of the capital"; this will serve very well, only I should be inclined to substitute "the safety of the whole of the capital." I will give an instance to explain what I mean. Great Western 4 per cent. Debenture Stock would be described by everyone as an eminently safe investment, and would have been equally so described ten years ago. If, however, an investor had purchased this stock in 1896, he might have had to pay £164 for it, and the same stock cannot be sold to-day for more than £126; he would therefore have received in nine years £36, less income tax, and his capital would have shrunk in value £38 per cent. in the same time. He would obviously, therefore, have been better off had he kept his money buried in a box in his back-garden. Of course, it is possible that in another ten years the stock may be back at 164; this opens a very large question as to the future of so-called gilt-edged securities, which I cannot enter into here; but I think I may say the general opinion is that, although such stocks are better investments now than they were ten years ago, it is very doubtful if they will again reach the inflated prices of 1896.

The inference is, and this is one of the first things the investor has to learn, that a *safe* investment is not necessarily a *good* investment; that is to say, it may be perfectly safe as regards the payment of interest, and yet may not be by any means a good investment within the terms of the definition above. Q.

(To be continued on Nov. 8.)

P.S.—*San Paulo Railway Ordinary* has risen to 210 on the good report and excellent traffics, and is still cheap compared with other Foreign Rails. I shall have something to say about this Company next week.

The quarterly report of the *Waihi Gold Company*, issued to-day, shows that the

reefs are more than maintaining their size and value in the lowest level, the assays on the Martha Reef going as high as £17 a ton. The output is also steadily increasing, as a result of the use of tube-mills.

Oct. 27, 1905.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

As The Stroller entered his broker's City Club for lunch, he looked round with a good deal of curiosity. For this Club is the mid-day rendezvous of much wealth, much City position and influence. It can almost nod to the Bank of England; save for intervening houses, it could kick a football into the dignified Rothschild Courtyard. Therefore, anyone can see that it is not the City Carlton Club.

"To the right, the luncheon-room: to the left, the smoking-room. Want to wash your hands?" And our friend's broker nodded to half-a-dozen other very obvious Stock Exchange men who were chatting round the fire.

As they turned to the right, the door opened noiselessly of its own accord. The luncheon-room, furnished with unassuming solidity, rang to the tune of many knives and forks.

The broker knew his client's weakness for the acquisition of knowledge, and led him to a table already occupied save for two seats. Motioning The Stroller to one of the chairs, he at the same time introduced him to the lunchers, who did not seem to mind the unceremoniousness in the least. They went straight ahead with their discussion.

"It's all very well to talk like that, but you *must* have a public to back the market up."

"Not if big houses choose to make prices good."

"They can only do that for a time. The ultimate judgment, I unswervingly maintain, lies with the public."

"But the public will buy fast enough if prices rise fast enough. Any fool knows that."

"Trust me, the public aren't such fools as they used to be. No. Let the shares come down further still, and we will begin to talk of bullishness then. Not until then."

"Can you guess the subject?" asked the broker, turning to his friend.

"Kaffirs, I should guess," the other safely hazarded.

"They will talk like that all through the meat, cheese, and, afterwards, the coffee," declared the broker. "And they invariably come to the same conclusion."

"?"

"That, though Kaffirs may have occasional spurts engineered by the magnates, the course of the market will for some time be downward because prices are still fully valued, from the public's point of view of dividend."

"Succinctly visualised," quoted The Stroller, although the reference was lost upon his agent, who, as a matter of fact, is a Liberal.

"Can you hear that confab. at the back of us?" the broker asked, helping himself to dry toast.

"Are they talking of Chinese shares?" asked Our Stroller back. "I thought—"

"Won't hurt a soul to have them," came the emphatic assertion.



THE WEST AUSTRALIAN TIMBER TRADE: PAY-DAY AT A BIG SAW-MILL.

"Chinese Engineering and Yangtse Valleys are equally good speculations."

"On what grounds?"

"Oh, principally upon the conclusion of the war and the impetus that trade and exploration will receive as the result of Peace. Now, if I had any grandchildren, I would—"

"Steady, old man, steady. No rash promises. I once knew a man—"

There are two reasons for not telling Club or Stock Exchange stories in these reportings. The first is that the tales are usually not *à propos*; the second—well, never mind the second.

Our broken thread we catch up within the smoking - room. The Stroller was half hidden behind fragrant Havana wreaths.

"I told my man he had better not sell them," his broker was saying to another. "Mind you, I thoroughly distrust the Esperanza Mine, but, for all that, I think the shares will go better."

"Your man keep them?"

"Yes, but, 'pon my word, it's such a gamble that I'm half sorry at having advised him. You know what it is."

His *vis-à-vis* laughed. "My own trouble is in deciding for clients what they ought to do about Home Rails."

"You think the rise is overdone?"

"Not a bit of it," said a little broker, bustling up. "Hasn't begun yet. You take my tip."

"Perhaps you're right. We haven't seen much movement in that market for yars—and yars—and yars—and—"

Both the others chuckled at the well-imitated tone of a famous Stock Exchange raconteur.

"Caleys and British for ever!" cried a beautiful, rich, Scotch brogue. "I'm a bull of them myself, and *nemo me impune lacescit*."

"Don't quite see the application, but, no doubt, it's there somewhere. Then we are agreed as to Home Railway stocks rising?"

"All the lot," was the laconic reply from one of the separating group. Our Stroller walked out of the room arm-in-arm with his broker.

"Come over to my office and finish your cigar there. I must go and have a look at the Consol Market first, if you will excuse me."

As The Stroller passed the mouth of Shorter's Court, he saw the usual motley gathering—a few brokers, a few jobbers, fewer clients, and more journalists.

"Market's right enough," protested one of a little knot. "But it's got no earthly chance so long as this confounded money business is on."

"Money is to be cheaper in November," a journalist observed.

"Then Yankees will go better, and so will Trunks, Mexicans, Consols, Kaffirs—"

"How about Russia? And Germany?"

"More or less bogeys, though I'll admit they are substantial bogeys, too. But money grips the situation, and when money gets cheaper, up we all go!"

"If money were only as cheap as I feel," yawned another, "markets would be better; but it's no use trying to speculate in things as they are."

"Then let's invest in coffee and dominoes," suggested his neighbour. And as they departed Our Stroller slowly made his way to the broker's office.

A NEW COMPANY.

The issue of £500,000 4½ per cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock Certificates is announced by the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad Company. The Issue is unconditionally guaranteed, both as to principal and interest, by Borax Consolidated, Limited, and secured by a First Charge on £500,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Sterling Bonds of the Railway. No further Bonds can be created to rank in priority thereto or pari passu therewith. The Railway is an important line of 170 miles, connecting with the system of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Company, and working in harmony therewith, and will draw its traffic from the richest mineral region in the State of Nevada. The redemption of the Debenture Stock Certificates is provided for by Policies with the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Limited, and the Alliance Assurance Company, Limited.

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1905.

The Subscription List will Close on or before Thursday, Nov. 2, 1905.

TONOPAH AND TIDEWATER RAILROAD COMPANY.

£500,000 4½ per Cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock Certificates.

THE DEBENTURE STOCK CERTIFICATES will be UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED AS TO BOTH PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST BY HORAX CONSOLIDATED, LIMITED, AND WILL BE SECURED BY A FIRST CHARGE ON £500,000 FIVE PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE STERLING BONDS OF THE TONOPAH AND TIDEWATER RAILROAD COMPANY.

The Bonds of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad Company are a first charge on the whole undertaking of that Company, and no further Bonds can be created to rank in priority thereto or pari passu therewith.

The Bonds will be held by the Indian and General Investment Trust, Limited, as Trustees for the holders of the present issue of Debenture Stock Certificates, under a Trust Deed to be executed between the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad Company, Borax Consolidated, Limited, and the Indian and General Investment Trust, Limited. The Debenture Stock Certificates will be issued in virtue of the said Trust Deed, and will be registered and Transferable at the offices of the INDIAN and GENERAL INVESTMENT TRUST, Limited, 50, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. Interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum will be payable on 15th April and 15th October in each year by interest warrants, which will be sent by post to the registered holders, the first interest warrant being payable on 15th April, 1906. The Certificates are redeemable at par on 1st July, 1960, but the whole or any part thereof may be redeemed prior thereto by drawings at 105 per cent. on six months' notice. The redemption of the Certificates in 1960 will be provided for by Sinking Fund Policies (subject to payment of the annual premiums) effected with the COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited, and the ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

The Trust Deed will contain the Guarantee of both Principal and Interest by Borax Consolidated, Limited.

Messrs. FREDK. J. BENSON & CO.

having guaranteed the subscription of the above issue of £500,000 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock Certificates, offer same at par, payable as follows—

£5 per cent. on Application.
£15 per cent. on Allotment.
£25 per cent. on 1st December, 1905.
£25 per cent. on 1st March, 1906.
£40 per cent. on 1st May, 1906.

£100 per cent.

Payment in full may be made on allotment or on the due dates of any subsequent instalments, under discount at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum.

The purpose of this issue is to construct and equip a standard broad-gauge railroad from or near Ludlow, a point on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, crossing the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake Railroad, via the Borate Mines, near Death Valley, to Bull Frog, Nevada, which is situated in the richest mineral region in the State of Nevada. The approximate length of the line is 170 miles.

The construction of the line has already been commenced, and it is hoped that the line will be completed and open for traffic within one year.

The line is being built by the Railroad Company on the most economic principles, and the average cost of the whole undertaking is estimated to be under £3000 per mile.

It is estimated that the probable outgoing traffic of the Railway will be 435 tons per day, with prospects of substantial development. The ingoing transport is estimated at 250 tons per day.

Upon these figures there should be an annual revenue (including passengers and mails) of approximately £175,000.

The line will not be an expensive one to work, as the freight is almost entirely mineral, and it is estimated that 30 per cent. of the freight is a sufficient allowance for working expenses. This should amount to about £53,000.

Leaving a net estimated annual revenue of £122,000.

The 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock Certificates will be unconditionally guaranteed both as to Principal and Interest by

BORAX CONSOLIDATED, LIMITED,

whose profits, after charging all management and administration expenses, but before providing for interest on Debenture Stocks, Income Tax, Depreciation and Sinking Funds, are shown on the Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Accounts, as certified annually by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co., to have been—

For the year ending September 30th, 1899	£243,036
Do. do. 1900	272,740
Do. do. 1901	258,021
Do. do. 1902	250,209
Do. do. 1903	266,270
Do. do. 1904	250,270

making a total of £1,540,546.

and an average per annum of £256,757.

Deducting the sums required to pay the interest on Borax Consolidated, Limited, Debenture Stocks and Sinking Fund provisions, Income Tax, and depreciation, as per last balance-sheet £65,000 22,969

87,969

There remains a surplus of £168,788.

RESERVE AND SINKING FUNDS

(Excluding Depreciation Reserve of £90,000) £203,742 13s. 3d.

Borax Consolidated, Limited, has paid for the six years to 30th September, 1904, the following dividends on its Ordinary Shares, amounting to a total of £600,000 (in addition to the interest on its Debenture Stocks and Dividends on Preference Shares)—

For year ending September 30th, 1899	12½ per cent.
Do. do. 1900	17½ "
Do. do. 1901	17½ "
Do. do. 1902	17½ "
Do. do. 1903	17½ "
Do. do. 1904	17½ "

Making a total of 100

SECURITY FOR DEBENTURE STOCK CERTIFICATES.

The security for the present issue of First Mortgage 4½ per Cent. Debenture Stock Certificates will be a first charge on the Railway, the value of which at the estimated cost of construction should amount to £500,000.

Borax Consolidated, Limited, who are the Guarantors, have surplus Asset balances (after deducting Debenture Stock and all liabilities) amounting, in accordance with the Company's last Balance-sheet, as audited by Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co., to £1,618,580.

The present issue amounts to £2,118,580 500,000

Showing a surplus of £1,618,580

COMBINED NET REVENUES.

The annual net profits of Borax Consolidated, Limited (after deducting Debenture Stock interest, sinking fund provisions, and other charges, as above shown), amount to £168,788.

Add to this the estimated net revenue of the Railway also, as above shown £122,000

There should be an ultimate available revenue of £290,788.

The interest on the present issue of Debenture Stock Certificates amounts to 22,500

LEAVING £268,288

The revenue should thus be sufficient to pay the interest on the Debenture Stock Certificates more than twelve times over, after providing for premiums on redemption fund policies and administration expenses.

A Brokerage of ½ per cent. will be paid on the amount of all Debenture Stock Certificates applied for and allotted on applications identified as coming through Brokers and Agents.

Failure to pay any of the instalments at due dates will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Copies of the prospectus, containing further particulars, and accompanied by application forms, can be obtained from the

LONDON CITY and MIDLAND BANK, Limited, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and Branches;

MARTIN'S BANK, Limited, 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C.;

FREDK. J. BENSON and CO., 11 and 12, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; or from

LAING and CRUIKSHANK, Stockbrokers, 3, Draper's Gardens, London, E.C., and

EMBESON and HUGHES, Stockbrokers, 4, Draper's Gardens, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City" Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

LUCERNE.—It is very difficult to answer a letter like yours. Certainly do not borrow money to buy more Kaffirs. Our opinion is that in the end it would be cheaper to sell now and put your money into such things as were mentioned in "Q.'s" note last week, or other like securities.

ALPHA.—We have sent you the broker's name and address. We suggest (1) Lagunas Syndicate; (2) Entre Rios Preference shares; (3) La Guaira and Caracas Railway shares.

NERVOUS.—(1) Keep up your premiums. The solvency of the Company is not in danger. (2) The Company's balance-sheet is as rotten as it can be, and the sum set down for goodwill, patents, etc., is preposterous, especially as the patents are practically run out. Still, we expect the affairs of the Company will improve, and we should risk holding on, and even buying more if we could afford a speculation. (3) The damage appears to have been exaggerated, by the latest accounts, but, as we write, the Russian position is so bad that no one can tell you what may happen.

E. B.—(1) Yes. (2) We really cannot repeat here what "Q." said in his various notes, but you can get the papers from the Office through your newsagent, and read for yourself.

LIGHT.—(1) The Company was the Westminster. (2) The concern you name is a reasonable risk, but there are other Lighting Companies we consider better to buy.

FORTE.—We should think land suitable for building in the suburbs of Khartoum or other rising places would probably turn out a good speculation; but it all depends on judicious selection and on the prosperity of the Soudan increasing.

R. T. M.—The three Westralians are all first-rate; but, of course, like all mines, they must be watched. The Exploration Company depends on Nile Valley and other Egyptian mining ventures, and is therefore highly speculative. The Trams are all right. A few Premiers and Waifi shares would not hurt to spread your risk. The labour difficulty has not been felt by the Premier Company yet.